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# Prof. HORSFORD'S Bread Preparation,

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## THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

### BAKING POWDER IN THE MARKET.

It adds valuable nutritive ingredients to the bread, biscuit, etc., raised with it, which nothing else used for raising bread does.

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Manufactured according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford, by the

## RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,

*Providence, Rhode Island.*

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK &amp; CO.]

## Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.—Three materials are stylishly combined in this charming costume.

The skirt is short, round and four-gored, and is trimmed with broad box-plaits, the spaces between which are filled in with side-plaits. The flounce is stitched on to form its own heading and is about twelve inches deep when finished. The overskirt consists of a front-drapery, shirred at its left side edge so as to form a frill. The latter overlaps a left side-portion, which is laid in three downward-turning folds from side to side. Each fold, as well as the lower edge, is trimmed with a bias band of satin, and below each lower fold are arranged three buttons with simulated button-holes. At the back edge of the front drapery three upward-turning plaits are made to correspond with three similar ones in the right-side drapery. Each plait in the latter is fastened down under buttons and simulated button-holes; and at the bottom of the lower plait is sewed a horizontal *revers* that may conceal a pocket-opening if a pocket is desired in the drapery. The back-breadth is long, ample and



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

prettily looped, and has *revers* upon the edges extending below the side-ports, the one at the right side being double. A broad frill of satin, cut in points and embroidered as represented, borders the lower edges of the front and right-side draperies, but may be omitted altogether or in favor of lace, fringe, ruffles or platings. The model is suitable for any material at present fashionable, and is No. 6622, price 35 cents.

The coat has loose cutaway fronts, in the left side of which is a breast-pocket, whose opening is concealed by a welt piped with satin. The back is fitted in English style, with a seam at the center and side-forms extending to the arms'-eyes. The vest, which is cut from brocaded satin, is fitted by two bust darts at each side and sews in with the under-arm seam as far as the hip, below which it falls loosely. The sleeves are completed with cuff-facings of plain satin, whose ends terminate a short distance apart, the space being overlaid with buttons and three simulated button-

holes. The pattern is No. 6612, price 30 cents.



6601

Front View.



6601

Back View.



6600

Front View.



6600

Back View.

## GIRLS' YOKE SLIP.

No. 6601.—This charming little slip pattern is in 9 sizes for girls from 1 to 9 years of age. To make the slip for a girl of 6 years, requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of any size, 20 cents.

## GIRLS' SLIP, WITH BOX-PLAIED RUFFLE.

No. 6600.—This dainty little slip pattern is in 9 sizes for girls from 1 to 9 years old, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide, will make a slip like it for a girl of 5 years. Price of any size, 20 cents.



6606

Front View.



6605

## LADIES' CORSET-COVER.

No. 6605.—This useful pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is here shown as composed of cambric, although muslin, twilled silk and all other desirable materials may be prettily shaped by it. To make the corset-cover for a lady of medium size,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of any suitable goods 36 inches wide will be required. Price of any size, 25 cents.

## LADIES' SHORT WALKING-COSTUME.

No. 6606.—This model is suitable for both woolen and cotton fabrics, and will be much used for cashmere, camel's-hair, merino, silk and various kinds of suit materials. It is here shown as composed of suit goods handsomely trimmed with fringe, platings and ribbon bows, although any other stylish decorations are just as appropriate. The costume requires  $15\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods 22



6606

Back View.

inches wide, or 7 yards of material 48 inches wide, in constructing it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Price of any size, 35 cents.





6599

## PATTERN FOR A WALL-POCKET.

No. 6599.—This useful article is very easily constructed, and may be plainly or elaborately finished. The pattern is in 3 sizes, 15, 17 and 19 inches long, and the medium size calls for a piece of pasteboard 17 inches long by 25½ inches wide. Price of any size, 10 cents.



6607

Front View.



6607

Back View.

## CHILD'S PLAIN DRESS.

No. 6607.—The model here illustrated in cambric is in 9 sizes for children from 1 to 9 years old, and calls for 3½ yards of material 22 inches wide; or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, in making the dress as shown by the pictures for a child of 7 years. Price of any size, 20 cents.



6611

## INFANTS' CAP.

No. 6611.—This cap is made of lace, and the pattern is in one size, needing ¾ yard of material 22 inches wide in making a cap like it. The price is 15 cents.



6613

Front View.



6610

## LADIES' WRAP.

No. 6610.—This handsome wrap is composed of *Sicilienne* prettily decorated with lace, although any other light dress material now in vogue will be found as available for its formation. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size, 2 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or one yard 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of any size, 20 cents.

## LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 6613.—This model will be much used for grenadines, buntings, silks and satins, and all kinds of thin woolens and washable goods. Its decorations may be elaborate or simple, and will consist principally of pipings, contrasting bands, plaitings, laces and fringes. The pattern is in

13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It calls for 7½ yards of plain and 1½ yard of striped goods each 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards of plain and ¾ yard of striped material each 48 inches wide, in making the polonaise for a lady of medium size. Price of any size, 30 cents.



6613

Back View.

**6620***Front View.***6625***Front View.***6625***Back View.***6620***Back View.***GIRLS' COSTUME.**

No. 6625.—This model is in 9 sizes for girls from 1 to 9 years old, and calls for 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, to make the dress in high-necked style for a girl of 9 years. To make it low-necked, without sleeves, as shown by the back view, requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide. Price of any size, 25 cents.

**MISSES' POLONAISE.**

No. 6620.—This garment is composed of suit goods, its edges being finished with silk binding. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. In making the polonaise for a miss of 12 years, 5 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 48 inches wide, will be required. Price of any size, 25 cents.

**6621***View of Walking Skirt.***6608***Front View.***6608***Back View.***CHILD'S EATING APRON.**

No. 6608.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for children from 1 to 8 years of age, and calls for  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of any suitable material 36 inches wide in making the apron for a child of 4 years. Price of any size, 10 cents.

**LADIES' PRINCESS SKIRT.**

(ADJUSTABLE TO DEMI-TRAIN OR WALKING LENGTH.)

**6621***View of Demi-train Skirt.*

No. 6621.—This stylish skirt is so planned that it may be changed from a demi-train into walking length and back again in a few moments' time. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. Of material 22 inches wide,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards will make the skirt as represented in either of the pictures for a lady of medium size. If goods 48 inches wide are used,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards will suffice for the purpose of construction. Price of any size, 35 cents.

**NOTICE:**—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO'S PATTERNS and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

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SUMMER. — Page 364.



# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

JULY, 1879.

No. 7.



VIEW OF CHESTER, FROM THE COP.

## OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 3.

### THE CITY OF CHESTER.

"MAY I be permitted to ask," said Mr. Elmore, at the meeting of our traveling club which followed the one in which the history of the river Dee was given by Katherine, "how we reached Chester? Are we supposed to have taken flight like birds, and alighted on the spot? Can any one give us the route and distance?"

Harry Halstead, a bright-looking youth, spoke at once: "Yes, sir. At Liverpool we cross the river Mersey in a ferry-boat, and drive to Chester, which is only fifteen or sixteen miles from Liverpool. I think Chester was very happily chosen as our next resting-place, for here we will find ourselves near the coal-fields of North Wales, the mines of Lancashire, the mills of Manchester, the docks and quays of Liverpool, its sea-rival, and on the border of a large

manufacturing district. With all this, it is one of the oldest and quaintest towns in England."

"Frederic and I have been studying the history of Chester," said Miss Alice, our pretty teacher. "You know it was very truly called the key of England. The famous Twentieth Legion—the *Valens Victrix*—of the Romans held it in their hands long ago, and with it Britain. You may walk about Chester now and see the remains of the strong and solid Roman masonry, the walls nearly perfect, a Roman hypocaust or subterranean passage, and even a piece of a Roman column and base still stands among the evergreens. Chester was also the last city to give up to King Harold's cause and yield to William the Norman; the last that fell in the cause of the Stuarts. To the old Church of St. John, in the Saxon days, King Edgar steered his barque, with six Welsh kings as oarsmen; and near it lived the widow of Harold after his defeat. Here also dwelt for a time the great ecclesiastic Anselm, among the

Benedictine monks who came to Chester from far-off, sunny Normandy. Farther on, at Flint Castle, which is within view, took place the affecting scene between Richard II and Bolingbroke, when Richard's grayhound, who had never noticed any one but the king, suddenly left his poor dis-crowned master and fawned on Bolingbroke.

"'Cousin,' said Richard, bitterly, 'it is a great, good token to you, and an evil sign to me.'

"'Sir, how know you that?' asked the duke.

"'I know it well,' answered the king. 'The grayhound owneth you this day as king of England, as you shall be, and I am no longer. Take him; he will follow you and forsake me.'

itself is built unlike any other in England. First of all, there are the great walls for the defense of the 'loyal city,' now used for the walk of the citizens. The surface is five or six feet broad, with a coped parapet or iron railings on either hand, and some parts of the promenade are overshadowed by stately trees as venerable as the walls themselves. The old gates are gone, but three great archways penetrate the walls, and there are still iron staples in the walls of the old tower, showing where the ships used to be moored.

"But the quaintest feature of Chester is its being laid out in 'Rows.' The principal streets—especially the four great ones which in the old military days of the

Romans quartered the camp—are sunk and cut down deep into the rock, while the Rows are on the natural level of the ground. The carriages roll along as in an artificial ravine far below. 'The back walls of the ground-floors are everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the court-yards of the houses, their kitchens and back buildings, lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street.' It looks very much as if all the fronts of the houses were suddenly removed, and the upper floors were supported by pillars and beams, and formed one long gallery, walled up for three or four feet, and variously decorated, now with stately columns and handsome antique ornaments, now with decaying wooden piles and mean shops—for this is really the 'Cheapside' of Chester, and here merchants and buyers congregate.

"The Rows are connected with the streets by staircases; sometimes, when a lane breaks through the gallery, by two flights of stairs. As the wayfarer ascends, he sees the latticed windows and strongly-clasped doors of ancient houses, and gable ends fronting the lane ornamented with strong woodwork curiously painted, and Scripture texts and mottoes carved or painted above the doors of houses and shops. I remember the front of God's Providence House as especially rich in its designs. Sometimes these houses, and the pillars of oak that support the long galleries, look so old and tottering that one might fancy they were about to give way and fall upon the motley crowd of passers-by; the figures, grave or gay, young and fair, or old and commonplace, that appear and disappear as if by enchantment through galleries and open archways that rise far above your heads as you drive through the deep streets below. A stranger never grows weary of watching the strange and picturesque effects



REMAINS OF ROMAN WALL, CHESTER.

"Years afterward, another dis-crowned monarch, Charles I, saw from one of the old towers of Chester his brave troops flying before the iron blows of Cromwell's men, and knew that his kingdom was lost; but I doubt whether the bitterness of that sight equaled the pang with which Richard saw his very dog lick and fawn upon the hand that was raised to tear him down.

"The city itself looks venerable and ancient, and all the scenery around it wears an alien air. One might fancy one's self in Holland when one looks abroad at the low, rich lands reclaimed from the sea, the pastures and cattle, the broad and sandy estuary of the Dee, the queer fisher-folk at work among the muscles and cockles on the shores. But the town

of this unique arrangement. There is a similar style of structure at Berne and Totness; but to American eyes the streets of Chester are wholly unlike anything he ever beheld before. A writer on old places speaks of these Rows as of unknown origin and antiquity; and indeed the 'long-covered arcades' suggests images of old years.

"Nor is this impression lessened by the old churches of Chester. From the ivy-grown Water Tower you see St. John's Tower, looking venerable and sombre, with its dismantled walls and lonely pinnacles. The Cathedral of Chester, the Episcopal palace and the Cathedral School, are old, and interesting in their stately grandeur of architecture; but the Cathedral impressed me with a certain feeling of melancholy, as well as admiration, as I noticed even the solid walls crumbling into slow decay. Nor did

saints and angels have been taken away. If one could put aside the falsities that have crept into such honor of mere humanity, it might awaken noble and true thoughts to see the still faces of good men who have ended the struggle and the journey looking down upon us like a cloud of strong and earnest witnesses from the immutable past.

"Nothing could be lovelier than the old closes which surround most of the English Cathedrals with a wide space of fresh, green turf, and 'seem like still meadows through which one sometimes enters a deep, solemn wood'."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Katherine, her eyes softly shining as they seemed to see a perfect picture, invisible to other eyes.

"Still, I doubt," said one of the gentlemen, with a little satiric smile, "whether the See of Chester



WATER TOWER, WITH ROMAN HYPOCAUST, CHESTER.

I think it as beautiful as the Cathedral of Hereford, with its rich interlacings of arches, its pillars standing with the deep shadows underneath, like the oaks of a primeval forest, the exquisite windows and the colored glory of the light that streamed through them. I could not half begin to paint in words the wonderful variety of columns in clusters or alone, the carved foliage of arches, the manifold decorations of every part, the smallest and most concealed from view equally with the imposing front and open aisles.

"In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with equal care  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
For the gods see everywhere."

"There is one thing that always seemed sad to me in these great Cathedrals—the utter silence of the vacant niches, from which the old carved images of

would be regarded with much favor unless it were usually a stepping-stone to something higher; for, in spite of its ancient and stately Cathedral, the See is very poor—so poor, indeed, that most ecclesiastics are promoted after holding it a short time; and so few have ever died bishops of Chester, that it has passed into a popular proverb that 'the bishop of Chester is immortal.'"

"Are there many interesting places in the neighborhood of Chester?" asked Frederic Kent.

"Oh, yes," replied his father. "If I remember rightly, you see from Chester, on the Welsh side of the Dee, the old ruins of Flint Castle and of Basingwerk Abbey, where the dark old elms hide the rents in the walls, and from whose pointed arches one sees glimpses of the 'Sands o' Dee,' of which Kingsley so pathetically sang."

"A poet's memory is indestructible, and clings

forevermore to everything he touches," quotes Miss Alice, prettily. "Ah, to realize that you should visit Ludlow Castle, where Milton wrote his masque of 'Comus,' and see the baronial hall where it was acted! Now, this same old hall is so overgrown with grass, ivy and vines, that it looks like some woodland scene which the poet loved to draw—some 'bushy dell, dingle or bosky bourne.'"

"Is not Holy Well in the neighborhood of Chester?" asked Mrs. Elmore.

once honored bard of Wales used to sing, and much curious, old Welsh armor. It was a finely-situated old place, surrounded by noble woods, through which the deer ranged in joyous freedom. There are many other beautiful Welsh estates near the Dee, but none, to my fancy, more suggestive than Ewloe Castle. There seems to be a history about a castle so strongly built against assault and siege; its walls are eight feet thick, and the curious staircase is inclosed within the wall itself. There are deep, shadowy glens



RUINS OF ST. JOHN'S, CHESTER.

"Yes, it is not far off. It contained formerly the shrine of St. Winifred, and was the resort of pilgrims continually, on account of the wonderful healing powers which its deep waters were thought to possess."

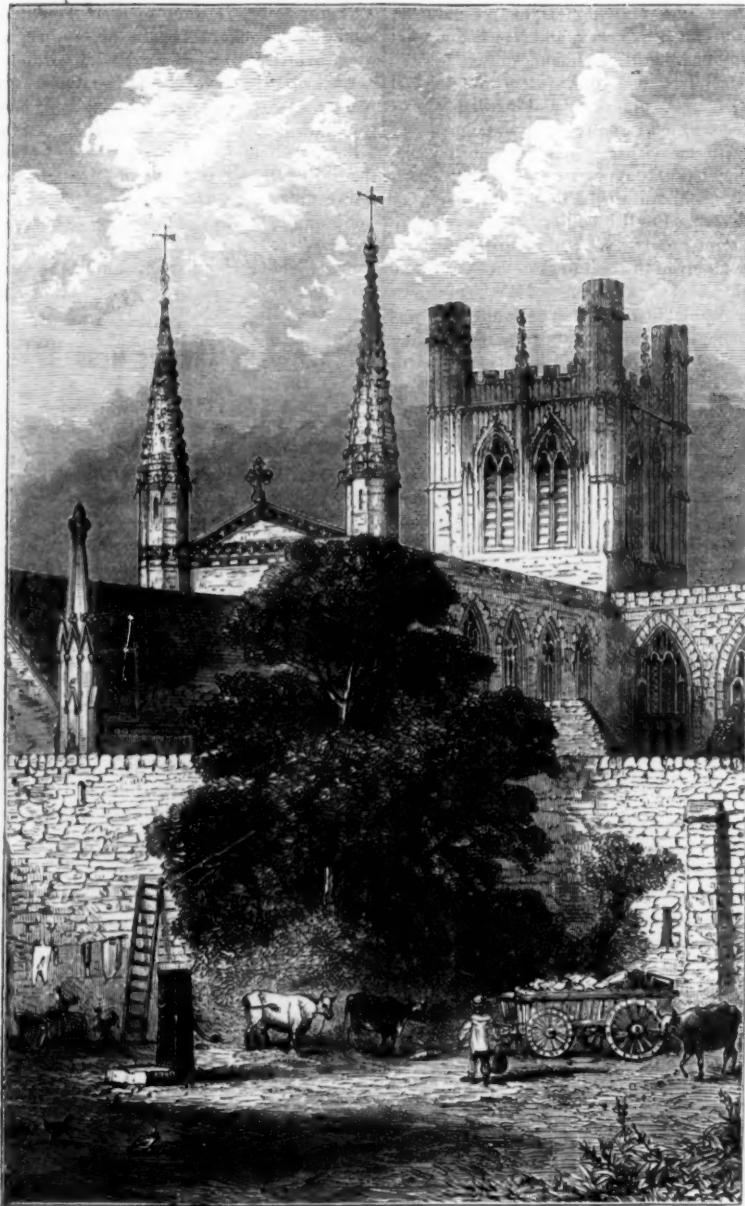
"When I was in England," remarked Miss Mary Taylor, a bright-eyed little lady who was visiting the Kents, "I remember being so much interested in the old Welsh places. Mostyn Hall had a fine collection of Welsh manuscripts, and the harp on which the

around it like a dream of a Canadian forest. The ferns nod their green plumes from the steep edges of the rocks, and you hear the trickle and flow of unseen water in deep ravines hidden 'under cloistered boughs.' In all sultry noontides and weary days of intolerable heat, I could always remember distinctly this sound, and the sight of the shadows down the long glen."

"Did you visit Eaton Hall, the residence of the earls of Grosvenor?" asked Dr. Kent.



"Oh, yes; that is only four miles from Chester; quite a different place from Ewloe—a show place, with fine drives, and all the modern improvements, dered on either hand by the velvety greensward of a narrow lawn, which is skirted with shrubberies and woodland. The hares, rabbits and English pheasants



CHESTER CATHEDRAL AND CITY WALL.

especially advanced scientific horticulture, displayed in the gardens. The ride to Eaton Hall from Chester is charming. You cross the river, and then, leaving the main road, take a graveled carriage-road, bordered on either hand by the neighboring shelter of the bushes to feed on the grass. A little farther on is the northern lodge, with a fine Gothic arch over the entrance to the park. Here we saw large herds

of sheep; and deer of various kinds, with branching antlers and proudly-tossing heads, appeared through the trees. A very pretty phaeton, drawn by two exquisite ponies, passed us, and I saw a high-bred, handsome lady, the Marchioness of Westminster, seated in it. She drove well, and was not accompanied by any one but her footman.

"Eaton Hall is a fine Gothic structure, finished with towers, turrets, pinnacles and battlements of white freestone, which is, however, so discolored and overgrown with moss that it has lost much of its whiteness, and has the appearance of age, although the building was begun within this century—a very modern date for an English edifice. The stables are built in the same stately style, and at a little distance appear to be a part of the building, so that the whole *façade* has the effect of great length. We were shown through the whole house. The entrance hall was very handsome, hung with many paintings, and in its niches you see effigies in full suits of ancient armor. Everything is on a scale of magnificence; but I cared most for four paintings by our own countryman, West, of whom the Earl of Grosvenor was an early and liberal patron.

"The Grosvenor motto was displayed everywhere: '*Nobilitatis virtus non stemma character*'—or, 'Virtue, not descent, the true mark of nobility'—a strangely republican sentiment for an old Norman family, which the Grosvenors claim to be.

"On the east side there is a beautiful slope to the Dee, and here are the pleasure-grounds and a conservatory of exotic plants. On the other side is a little temple, with an antique Roman altar four feet high, dug up near Chester in 1821. It has inscribed on both sides in Latin a dedication to 'The Nymphs and Fountains from the Twentieth Legion, the invincible and victorious.' The floor of the temple was brought from the palace of Tiberius, in the Island of Capri.

"The other grounds contain many hot-houses for foreign and tropical fruits, grapes, figs, oranges, lemons and pineapples; and we were told by the gardener, who spoke with intense pride of the gardens, etc., that no less than five hundred of the pineapples were needed for the use of the noble family."

We all thanked Miss Taylor for her description, and she added: "There are some other places very well worth visiting in Cheshire—Hawarden Castle, which belongs to Mr. Gladstone, and an old house of the Leghs, besides others of which I only heard. The Leghs are very proud of the unique breed of wild cattle that graze on their moors, and a peculiar set of mastiffs, both of which bear the name of the house."

It was suggested then by our secretary that Dr. Kent should give us at our next meeting a description of his visit to Warwickshire.

He acceded to this, on the condition that he should be allowed to choose the things which had interested him most, "For I am sure my descriptions of these will be more accurate than if, like other tourists, I

were to describe Kenilworth Castle to you, or tell you of the legends about Guy of Warwick and his fabulous exploits, or even the famous Warwick Vase, a celebrated antique which was found near Adrian's Villa, in Italy. I want to carry you this time to somewhat homelier scenes in the country, or perhaps the provincial towns of England."

"We all wish that," said Miss Alice. "I want to realize how people live in England, and how it would look to us in the familiar home atmosphere. I don't wish to feel that I am being whirled by on the railroad, only catching fleeting glimpses of its fair country side, and honest, sturdy people, but to know and love them as belonging to our own mother country."

So we bade each other adieu until the next Friday.

E. F. MOSBY.

### THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

WAITING at the window  
Of a mansion bright,  
In the golden city,  
Wondrous world of light!

Bends an angel-maiden,  
While her tender eyes,  
With a shade of longing,  
Scans the pathless skies.

"Far away to earth-land,  
Precious message, fly,  
While I wait in patience  
For my love's reply."

\* \* \* \* \*

In an earthly city,  
In a haunt of sin,  
Bacchanalian revelers  
Make a horrid din,  
While bright lights are gleaming  
On the frescoed walls,  
And soft music echoes  
Down the lofty halls,  
There is one who seemeth  
Strangely out of place—  
Type of noble manhood  
Mirrored on his face.

What tempter drew him hither?  
What glamour holds him here?  
A man whom men would honor,  
And women's hearts hold dear.

What power is this which wins him  
To leave the heartless mirth?  
What silent, unseen presence,  
That seemeth not of earth,  
Hath warned him of the danger  
He woos in lingering here?  
Was it the angel message  
Love wafted to his ear?  
Was it her patient watching  
That saved the soul so dear?

ALICE HAMILTON.

## RED GERANIUMS.

**D**O I like red geraniums? Indeed I like them so well it seems to me I can't get along without them. Maybe you haven't read about places underground where day never dawns, and a guide's lamp is all there is to depend on to lead up to sunshine again. I've pored over such descriptions many a time, and have been there, too. That is, the soul of me has; and while I was there in the dark, the flame of red geraniums came flickering before my eyes like the light in the guide's hand, and led me to a new and living way—the way of holiness.

Now that things are looking so gloomy around you, I may as well tell you the story. It'll take your mind off your trouble a bit, even if it don't take a bit of trouble off your mind. If I start out and give particulars, George and David'll be back from school before I'm through; so I'll make sure baby's asleep, get Rettie her bag of beans to scatter around, and begin in the middle of my story.

George Arnathall was earning a good living when he married me, but came to want soon after our second child, the one we buried, was born. He lost his place, and for nearly a year failed to get into another. Dear old George, it was his misfortune, not his fault, and in my secret soul I knew it, yet I couldn't have heaped more blame on him if he'd been the laziest creature alive.

Now, as it happened, Gideon Smith was the only person in the world we could look to for help. At that time he was running a woolen and cotton mill, and employing about fifty girls. That sounds big, yet the business didn't amount to much, and wages were so low nobody but women could afford to work for them. Mr. Smith gave us a room on the fourth floor of this establishment rent free. Dark and dusty as the place was, we lost no time getting into it; nor did I lose any time taunting George, and being as disagreeable as I knew how to everybody that came near me.

"Hettie," said my husband one morning, "you scold at me for sitting by the fire 'toasting' myself, and when I get ready to go out you fret about my exposing myself to the cold 'for nothing.' What can I do?"

Poor fellow—I was young then, not yet twenty, and selfish—I almost worried the heart out of him.

Beside the watchman down-stairs, there was only one other tenant in the building, a Mrs. Havener, who had a room next ours. There was no earthly reason why I should hate this woman, yet I did, and I was determined to hate her to the end. We'd hardly got our things up before she came in.

"Is there anything I can do to help you?" she asked.

"No," I snapped, short as short could be.

George was fixing something just then, and could neither look nor get up, so he whispered: "Hettie!" in a way that, before this trouble, would have touched me in a minute.

Stuck-up little thing as I was, rebelling against the Providence that had brought me low, I could not be moved. I kept Georgie from running that way, and turned my back on our neighbor.

"I beg pardon, I see I have intruded," she said, and went out.

About a week afterward, stooping to lift the tea-kettle with Louie in my arms, I let him drop his little hand against it. It was only a mite of a burn, but he screamed as if he was half killed; Georgie followed suit, and before I thought, I called: "George! George! Oh, won't somebody go for my husband?"

Of course Mrs. Havener ran in; and, like the cat I was, I ordered her out. That was the last of her for a long while; still I didn't stop hating her. Sometimes when I'd pass and see her door open, and her room neat and bright as a picture, rebuking the untidiness and discomfort of mine, I was like a child in my spitefulness. If I carried ashes or slops, I almost wished some accident would happen to make me spill them in there. Intimating as much to George one day, he said: "O Hettie, little sunbeam—you recollect I used always to call you little sunbeam—don't make yourself out so dreadful!"

"I will," I answered. "I feel dreadful. The world hasn't treated me right; I'm not going to treat it right."

Things went on from bad to worse; George got sick. I believe I didn't tell you before we were in a strange city. With the exception of Mr. Smith, who was away on business, we had no acquaintance whatever. At last, my will for the time subdued, my pride in the dust, I knocked at Mrs. Havener's door, and asked for something to eat.

"I'm sorry, but I have nothing," she said.

"You mean nothing for me," I answered. "I don't ask for myself, I ask for my sick husband and helpless babies."

I was a fussy, fly-away thing usually. I would have been frightened if I could have realized just then how quietly I stood there asking for bread. Another queer thing about it, too, was, that, like the instrument that takes a photograph, I had all the whiteness and brightness of the small room creep in upon me, until memory even yet holds each trifle and bit of color just as I saw them that day. There was a cheerful rag-carpet on the floor, red and green mats before bedstead and bureau, ferns and autumn leaves framed in red splints, shelves curtained with creamy, unbleached muslin bound with red braid; and, altogether, such a flow of color and ripple of home cheer around the room, it was almost like listening to good music just to see it. Above all, I remember a row of geraniums on the window-sill, all crimson with blossoms. What with snow and hail sputtering on the outside ledge, and greenness and flower flame shining inside, it was a sight that spoke to me like a voice, although I didn't understand one syllable. I seemed to be meeting the room and Mrs. Havener for the first time, yet you may be sure that deep in my heart was the recollection that I'd behaved like a savage,

and could hardly expect civilized treatment in return. However, it didn't take the dear old lady and me long to come to an understanding. She showed me her closet, and, excepting half a pound of corn-starch, it was entirely empty. Fortunately I had a little sugar, so these were put together, and gruel made for George and the children. While Mrs. Havener was preparing this—I gave right up the moment she entered our room—she told us something of her history. She had worked for Mr. Smith's father, and for Gideon himself until she lost three fingers in the machinery. After this occurred, and being pretty well advanced in years, she was given that room, and her church supported her.

"If that's the case," said George, "how is it that you've nothing to eat to-day?"

She laughed. She was the cheeriest woman I ever met in all my days, and the most charitable.

"Well," she answered, "such a thing seldom happens; but, you see, each one thinks somebody else has provided for me, so my store runs out occasionally. I had a nice breakfast, but there was nothing left. I've asked, though, and don't expect to go to bed hungry."

Soon after she went back to her room, I heard voices; it was evident she had company. When these were gone others came.

Returning to us half an hour later, her motherly face shone radiant over a basket of provision.

"I told you I didn't expect to go to bed hungry," she said. "Nor do I intend you shall. See here."

"My dear lady," exclaimed George, "these things are not for us! We won't dare rob you."

Mrs. Havener laughed, and made us laugh, too, telling a story about a country youth offering to divide an orange among a lot of girls. They objected, on the plea of not wishing to rob him, and he assured them he had more in his pocket.

"I've plenty for myself," she said, in conclusion; "just go into my room, Mrs. Arnsthall, and see how much there is there."

"Yes, but if you share with us, your closet will be left empty again."

"No," she answered, "I'm going to ask for myself and you, too, after this."

It was a long while before I found out exactly what this asking meant. We were in such distress, I didn't dare think. People came to see us, brought us things, prayed with us, set up with George—for he got worse and worse—helped lay away our little Louie, who died in my arms, and did by us as though we'd been their own kith and kin; yet I never put one question. This last sore trial not only completely humbled me, it struck me almost dumb. One of my greatest comforts at this time was a geranium in full flower Mrs. Havener brought and set in my window-sill. I never tired of looking at it, and at its blossom torches reflected in the panes. It proved something like the scarlet thread Rahab bound in the window, and that was to save her own life and the lives of her household. That steady blaze of color did more toward keeping me calm at that time than anything else,

and, I am quite sure, saved me from going entirely out of my mind.

"O Mrs. Havener!" I exclaimed one day, after George had got about, "my husband may never be strong again. He may not be able to take this situation your kindness has secured. What can I do?"

"Ask," she replied.

There was that little word for the hundredth time in six weeks—ask. I questioned her about it then, and the dear, sweet lady taught me a lesson precious in all ages. It was the lesson of the Cross, the sacrifice and a risen Redeemer, mighty to save.

"Give yourself to Him," she said; "and, come what may, all will be well. You will then be privileged to ask for whatever you want, feeling sure your need will be supplied. Bear in mind, however, that God's promises are not for you unless you comply with His conditions. Enter into the everlasting covenant, my child, then all things are yours."

Well, neighbor, George got strong and well, and he and I entered into the covenant; we joined the church. The floods may drive us thither and yon, but they can't prevail against us, we are in the ark of safety. With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm.

You have a splendid lot of plants. I never see bunches like these pressed against the panes on a winter's day, but I say to myself:

"There's a light in the window for thee."

We see such crimsons in the east at sunrise, and in west at sunset, they say, too, that's the color of the first stone in the walls of the Holy City.

I'm so devoted to red geraniums, I have them all the year round. It seems to me I can't get along without them.

MADGE CARROL.

**BRAIN-WORK AND BRAIN-WORRY.**—Brain-work is conducive to health and longevity, while brain-worry causes disease and shortens life. The truth of this statement, and its application to what we see around us, are evident enough; yet it is well that such subjects should be continually discussed. Intellectual labor, although severe, like that performed by the judges of our highest courts, or by scholars and persons devoted to literary pursuits, if unmingled with excitement and followed with regularity, is seen to promote bodily health and long life. On the other hand, mental cares, attended with suppressed emotions, and occupations which from their nature are subject to great vicissitudes of fortune and constant anxiety, break down the lives of the strongest.

**OUTSIDE HELP.**—We should gladly welcome all assistance, eagerly grasp it and earnestly strive to profit by it, only remembering that it can never supplant, but only supplement and invigorate, our own exertions. Just as the warm sun-rays and refreshing rain-drops descend to bless the plant that is charged with vitality, but fall powerless on one without root or sap, so outside help is invaluable to the energetic living worker, but impotent to one who lacks brains or energy, or the will to exert either.



## TENDER AND TRUE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

## CHAPTER I.

THE scene is before me now, with all the distinctness of an event not ten days old; and yet more than forty years have passed since its occurrence. It was my first day at school, and my first contact with the real life that lay outside of the pleasant home in which it had been my happy lot to be born—a home so full of mutual kindness and loving ministrations, that each of its members seemed to find more delight in service than in being served.

The morning recess had come, and we were out on the playground. I was a stranger to most of the boys, and felt shy and ill at ease. It was a miniature world into which I had been cast, and representative of the larger grown-up world on whose busy stage I was in due time to become an actor. All shades of character were there, and as clearly differentiated as they are to be found anywhere in our common social and business life. I can remember the shocked surprise which I experienced in this my first encounter with vulgarity, rudeness and selfishness. I was a new boy, and as there were types of the ruffian as well as the gentleman among the scholars on the playground, I did not escape insult or aggression. One coarse fellow made game of me; another, older and taller than I was, smote his heavy hand on my head and drove my hat down over my eyes; while another, coming up behind me, held one of his fingers to the side of my face and called my name. Turning my head quickly, I struck my nose against his finger with an impulse so hard as to occasion much pain, the nail cutting through the skin. A loud laugh at my expense ran over the playground.

It was the first time in my life that I had felt angry enough to strike, and only by a strong effort did I keep from dashing my fist into the boy's face. He saw the flash in my eyes, and moved off quickly. Indignation at any wrong to myself was a new experience, and for a few moments it was so hot that I could scarcely keep it under control. It did not die out and leave me as it had found me; a sense of injury and a desire for retaliation remained. It would not have been well for that boy if he had ventured upon any further annoyance.

A diversion now took place, relieving me from my tormentors. A boy named Donald Payne, older than I was by three years, had all at once become a centre of attraction. As I turned my eyes toward him, I saw the meaning of this diversion. He had taken from his pocket a long mintstick, and stood coolly eating it, while a group of lads were gathered close about him, gazing at the candy with longing eyes.

"Give me some!" "And me!" "And me!" cried one and another, eagerly.

But Donald, moved by no entreaty, and touched by no generous feeling, went on snapping off bit after bit of the sweet confection, and crunching it between

his teeth with an enjoyment that found increase in the evident disappointment of his companions. Not the smallest portion did any of them get, though importunity went on until the last morsel vanished through his lips. Then the cry of "Mean!" "Mean!" "Greedy!" "Selfish!" broke from one and another. But no blush of conscious shame rose to the boy's face. There he stood, cool and quiet, a sense of pleasure expressing itself in every lineament. After the candy was all gone, he drew from one of his pockets a large red apple, and biting off a mouthful, began eating slowly, and with great apparent relish. Again the boys closed about him, begging with clamorous importunity for a share of the juicy fruit; but piece after piece went down his throat until only a thin core was left; and this he gave away with the air of one conferring a special favor. There was a boy in the group mean enough to accept and devour this core with the greediness of a pig. I could never bear the sight of him afterwards.

This was the scene to which I have referred. It was something so new to me, and so opposed to all the generous impulses of my nature, that I was shocked and disgusted beyond the power of words to express. The face of Donald Payne stood then to my boyish ideal as the type of all meanness and selfishness; and as I saw it then I have seen it always, and see it now.

I went home from school on that day a wiser but not a happier boy. I was never as happy afterwards as before that time. A new world had opened before me, and I was already feeling the jar and friction of its restless, aggressive life. All my better instincts had been rudely shocked, my sense of personal freedom and sacredness outraged, my childish faith in human nature impaired.

Two characters, new and strange to my limited experience, stood out from all the rest; one the representative of selfish greed, and the other of mean and cringing dependence. Toward Donald Payne I had a feeling of indignation; but toward the boy who had accepted the core of his apple a feeling of contempt. This boy's name was Dan Stoker. His father was a poor, shiftless sort of a man, by trade a carpenter, too lazy to work steadily, day by day, as a journeyman, and so get regular wages; preferring to job about among the people in our neighborhood, and pick up what he could; taking his pay in money, or in provisions for his family, just as it might happen. He would accept anything you chose to give, from an old, cast-off hat or garment to a loaf of stale bread or a remnant of boiled potatoes. He possessed neither pride nor shame, nor the smallest sense of independence. And his son Dan was like him—a chip of the old block.

Donald Payne's father was a miller. He owned considerable property, lived in a handsome house, and was a rich man in comparison with most of his neighbors. As to the man himself, he was coarse-grained both physically and mentally, had considerable force of character, with some shrewdness, and was a full believer in the doctrine that men were

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sent into the world to take care of themselves. He had started in life poor, but soon contrived to advance himself—never being overscrupulous as to the means, and never playing the Good Samaritan to any sick or wounded traveler that happened to fall in his way.

My father, David Lovel, was the owner of a farm lying a short distance from the village of Oakland. He and Andrew Payne, the miller, had been playmates and schoolmates in early boyhood, but gradually drew apart from each other as character developed and the ruling life-quality of each began to assert itself in action. My father had too much of human kindness and generous regard for the neighbor in his composition to find pleasure or profit in any intimate association with a man like Andrew Payne. Mutually they fell away from each other as the years went by, until not even the pleasant memories of boyhood were strong enough to draw them together. My father held the man Payne in aversion for his meanness and selfishness, which had in them neither scruple nor pity; while Payne had come almost to hate my father, because in more than one instance his regard for justice and humanity had brought him between the hard aggressor and some weak unfortunate on whom he was trying to set his iron heel.

My father, when he was twenty-one years of age, came into possession of a farm of three hundred acres of good land. He was an only child, and received the fine old homestead by inheritance. He had been well educated, and was superior in taste and culture to most of his neighbors, but lacked the energy and concentration that give business success. His father had started in the world without a dollar of patrimony, and by patient toil and close economy succeeded in accumulating a handsome property, which set his son just so far in advance of the point from which he had himself started. If the son, holding this great advantage, had inherited also the father's tough will, strong purpose and practical knowledge of affairs, with some love of gain, he would have gone on accumulating. But he had come up through more easeful ways than his father—ways in which self-reliance and thrift are but rarely developed. At twenty-one, when the death of that father gave him possession of all the property which had been slowly and patiently gathered through long years, he had no trade or calling, nor any practical knowledge of business; only some acquaintance with farming, to the prosecution of which his tastes and habits inclined him rather than to any other pursuit. Marrying soon afterwards, he gave himself as earnestly as he knew to the cultivation of his land.

Andrew Payne, after leaving school, was apprenticed to a miller. Physically well-knit and strong, at eighteen years of age he could do as much work as a man. The mill did grist as well as merchant work, there being three run of stones, one used chiefly for grist-grinding and the other two in the manufacture of flour for market. At the time of my grandfather's death, his sale of wheat to the owner of this mill was from twelve to fifteen hundred bushels

yearly. He rarely had less than a hundred acres in grain. Andrew was intelligent and ready at figures. The mill-owner, who was not an educated man, found in him a good assistant in account-keeping, as well as in tending the mill, packing flour and handling bags and barrels. The young man, who was a natural reader of character, and quick at perceiving any advantage, soon saw his master's weak points, and the way to ingratiate himself into his confidence and favor. With a shrewdness and cool calculation, born of his dominant selfishness, he managed to gain a larger and larger influence over the mill-owner, until almost the entire control of the business came into his hands. At twenty-five he was a partner, holding a valuable interest in the mill. At thirty he bought out the whole establishment, thus becoming sole proprietor. Just how he had managed to do this was a problem over which many puzzled themselves; and the one who puzzled himself most in trying to get at a clear solution, was the original owner himself. Of one fact there could be no question, the latter, after paying his debts out of the money received for the remnant of his interest in the mill, had only a few thousand dollars left, while Andrew had the mill property clear, and sufficient money in hand to prosecute the business.

How it was with my father at this time may be inferred from the fact that his sale of wheat to the mill in the year Andrew Payne became full owner was but six hundred bushels, while the number of his acres had fallen from three to two hundred.

The original owner of the mill grew poorer and poorer after he was crowded out by Payne—for that was the real truth in the case—lost heart and fell into intemperate habits. He was very bitter toward Payne, openly charging him, when under the influence of liquor, with fraud and robbery. Most people held that there was a great deal of truth in his allegations; but Payne had covered his tracks so well that nothing was ever proven against him.

My father was a gentle, sweet-tempered man, with an element of firmness and decision in his character that only manifested itself on rare occasions. He was fond of books and loved his home; was very tender and indulgent toward his children, and often joined their sports, romping with them in all the abandon of a light-hearted boy. He was a just man in his dealings, and highly esteemed by his neighbors, who often sought his counsel, especially in cases of personal disagreements, which he had great skill in healing. My mother was different from my father in many respects, and had a more careful spirit in regard to the affairs of this world, looking forward with a prudence and calculation unusual with him. He had great confidence in her judgment, and left many things to her discretion, which were managed far better than they would have been had they remained under his control. It was through my mother's foresight, care, prudence and skill in affairs, that the steady waste of patrimony, which began with my father's accession to his estate, progressed so slowly, and with little or no abridgment

of comfort in the family, which gradually increased, and filled with child-music the pleasant chambers of the old homestead.

My mother did not possess the cheerfulness and happy flow of spirits peculiar to my father. There was always a look of care in her soft, blue eyes—always a shadow of something unseen resting on her quiet countenance. But her temper was as sweet as that of my father. She was not indulgent but wiser in her home-government. Her word was a law which, whether from love or fear, we rarely thought of disobeying, but our love was always a stronger element than our fear; and her sorrow at any act of disobedience more potent in its influence over us than her anger. The sphere of her child-life had been very different from that of my father's. In his home there had never been that haunting spirit of care for the future which lies like a nightmare on so many households; while in hers it had been a perpetual presence. She could not remember the time when pinching economy and anxious care for the morrow had not dimmed the sunshine in her father's house. Self-denial for the sake of others had been one of her earliest life-lessons. As she advanced toward womanhood, and the needs of younger children drew more heavily on the family resources, self-dependence became imperative, and my mother was literally crowded out, and obliged not only to earn her own living, but to help those who were left behind. Not until my father drew her into a home that was crowned with plenty, had she ever been wholly free from the pressure of concern for the future which was often burdened with anxiety. We never get wholly free from the states of feeling which are wrought into the texture of our minds during early life; and my mother was no exception. She was the care-taker in our family; the one who bore always a weight of concern; the one who saw the slow wasting of her husband's fine estate, as the family increased, and the cost of living kept steadily, for all she could do, a little in advance of the income. It did not relieve her mind to be assured, as she saw the number of acres growing less, that what remained was so appreciated in value as to be worth more than the whole farm a year or two back. My father's arithmetic was of a more cheerful character than hers, and gave results that she did not find.

But my wise, and prudent, and self-denying mother held the waste to so slow a movement that it did not touch the comfort of her family. She made the most of every thing, not by a pinching economy that hurt, but by the careful utilization of every article of food and clothing, so that little or nothing was lost. That household looseness and extravagance so general in this country among well-to-do people, and even among those in very moderate circumstances, and which eats out the substance of so many, was never known with us.

At the time of my introduction to the reader, I was ten years of age. I had three sisters, all older than myself. Edith, my oldest sister, was like my father, of a bright and cheery temper, living nearly

always in an atmosphere of sunshine. She was sixteen years of age. Fanny, two years younger, was like our mother. Rachel, just entering her twelfth year, was gay, light-hearted and impulsive; a little quick in her temper, and impatient under opposition or restraint. If there came an occasional ripple on the surface of our home-life, or a gusty break in its quiet atmosphere, the fault lay usually at her door; still she was so sweetly repentant for hasty words, and so loving in all her ways, that none held her long to blame.

But with all her seeming lightness of character, and her gusty breaks of temper, Rachel was true as steel, and wise beyond her years.

Our farm was nearly two miles from Oakland, and as there were only one or two families in the village with whom we were on terms of intimacy, we did not often go there. Thus it happened that, on entering school, I was a stranger to most of the boys and girls into whose democratic society I was thrown.

## CHAPTER II.

I WENT home, as I have said, after that first day's school experience, a wiser but not a happier boy. My nature had been stirred to a lower depth than ever before, and elements of character, hidden until now, made manifest. I was not old enough to reason; but feeling and perception were very strong and acute. I did not like the new associations into which I had come. They hurt me at every point of contact, and the hurt remained, going deeper and deeper. This new world into which I had been introduced was so different from the old world wherein I had dwelt; so different that I had not conceived its existence possible. I had read in story books of naughty, and selfish, and cruel boys; but, somehow, they were away off in a distant region, and never associated, in my childish fancy, with the real boys and girls among whom my life was to be cast.

I had awakened as from a pleasant dream to hard and real things; and the awakening was attended by a new revelation of myself to myself. Until now, I had come only into the inheritance of my father's gentle and loving spirit. The sterner and stronger elements of character, both in my father and mother—love of justice and hate of wrong—had been latent with me. But now they leaped suddenly into a vigorous life, and stirred my soul in every fibre with a sense of indignation and antagonism.

My mother stood waiting for me at the garden-gate as I came home that afternoon, and I saw in her eyes a questioning, half-anxious look as I drew near enough to read her countenance. At sight of her all my feelings softened, and the weaker and gentler things in me prevailed over the sterner. I burst into tears, and threw myself sobbing into her arms. She smoothed my hair with her soft hand, and kissed me in her loving way.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Davy?" she said, with a repressed concern in her voice.

It was sometime before I could answer her, and

sent into the world to take care of themselves. He had started in life poor, but soon contrived to advance himself—never being overscrupulous as to the means, and never playing the Good Samaritan to any sick or wounded traveler that happened to fall in his way.

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My father was a gentle, sweet-tempered man, with an element of firmness and decision in his character that only manifested itself on rare occasions. He was fond of books and loved his home; was very tender and indulgent toward his children, and often joined their sports, romping with them in all the abandon of a light-hearted boy. He was a just man in his dealings, and highly esteemed by his neighbors, who often sought his counsel, especially in cases of personal disagreements, which he had great skill in healing. My mother was different from my father in many respects, and had a more careful spirit in regard to the affairs of this world, looking forward with a prudence and calculation unusual with him. He had great confidence in her judgment, and left many things to her discretion, which were managed far better than they would have been had they remained under his control. It was through my mother's foresight, care, prudence and skill in affairs, that the steady waste of patrimony, which began with my father's accession to his estate, progressed so slowly, and with little or no abridgment



of comfort in the family, which gradually increased, and filled with child-music the pleasant chambers of the old homestead.

My mother did not possess the cheerfulness and happy flow of spirits peculiar to my father. There was always a look of care in her soft, blue eyes—always a shadow of something unseen resting on her quiet countenance. But her temper was as sweet as that of my father. She was not indulgent but wiser in her home-government. Her word was a law which, whether from love or fear, we rarely thought of disobeying, but our love was always a stronger element than our fear; and her sorrow at any act of disobedience more potent in its influence over us than her anger. The sphere of her child-life had been very different from that of my father's. In his home there had never been that haunting spirit of care for the future which lies like a nightmare on so many households; while in hers it had been a perpetual presence. She could not remember the time when pinching economy and anxious care for the morrow had not dimmed the sunshine in her father's house. Self-denial for the sake of others had been one of her earliest life-lessons. As she advanced toward womanhood, and the needs of younger children drew more heavily on the family resources, self-dependence became imperative, and my mother was literally crowded out, and obliged not only to earn her own living, but to help those who were left behind. Not until my father drew her into a home that was crowned with plenty, had she ever been wholly free from the pressure of concern for the future which was often burdened with anxiety. We never get wholly free from the states of feeling which are wrought into the texture of our minds during early life; and my mother was no exception. She was the care-taker in our family; the one who bore always a weight of concern; the one who saw the slow wasting of her husband's fine estate, as the family increased, and the cost of living kept steadily, for all she could do, a little in advance of the income. It did not relieve her mind to be assured, as she saw the number of acres growing less, that what remained was so appreciated in value as to be worth more than the whole farm a year or two back. My father's arithmetic was of a more cheerful character than hers, and gave results that she did not find.

But my wise, and prudent, and self-denying mother held the waste to so slow a movement that it did not touch the comfort of her family. She made the most of every thing, not by a pinching economy that hurt, but by the careful utilization of every article of food and clothing, so that little or nothing was lost. That household looseness and extravagance so general in this country among well-to-do people, and even among those in very moderate circumstances, and which eats out the substance of so many, was never known with us.

At the time of my introduction to the reader, I was ten years of age. I had three sisters, all older than myself. Edith, my oldest sister, was like my father, of a bright and cheery temper, living nearly

always in an atmosphere of sunshine. She was sixteen years of age. Fanny, two years younger, was like our mother. Rachel, just entering her twelfth year, was gay, light-hearted and impulsive; a little quick in her temper, and impatient under opposition or restraint. If there came an occasional ripple on the surface of our home-life, or a gusty break in its quiet atmosphere, the fault lay usually at her door; still she was so sweetly repentant for hasty words, and so loving in all her ways, that none held her long to blame.

But with all her seeming lightness of character, and her gusty breaks of temper, Rachel was true as steel, and wise beyond her years.

Our farm was nearly two miles from Oakland, and as there were only one or two families in the village with whom we were on terms of intimacy, we did not often go there. Thus it happened that, on entering school, I was a stranger to most of the boys and girls into whose democratic society I was thrown.

#### CHAPTER II.

I WENT home, as I have said, after that first day's school experience, a wiser but not a happier boy. My nature had been stirred to a lower depth than ever before, and elements of character, hidden until now, made manifest. I was not old enough to reason; but feeling and perception were very strong and acute. I did not like the new associations into which I had come. They hurt me at every point of contact, and the hurt remained, going deeper and deeper. This new world into which I had been introduced was so different from the old world wherein I had dwelt; so different that I had not conceived its existence possible. I had read in story books of naughty, and selfish, and cruel boys; but, somehow, they were away off in a distant region, and never associated, in my childish fancy, with the real boys and girls among whom my life was to be cast.

I had awakened as from a pleasant dream to hard and real things; and the awakening was attended by a new revelation of myself to myself. Until now, I had come only into the inheritance of my father's gentle and loving spirit. The sterner and stronger elements of character, both in my father and mother—love of justice and hate of wrong—had been latent with me. But now they leaped suddenly into a vigorous life, and stirred my soul in every fibre with a sense of indignation and antagonism.

My mother stood waiting for me at the garden-gate as I came home that afternoon, and I saw in her eyes a questioning, half-anxious look as I drew near enough to read her countenance. At sight of her all my feelings softened, and the weaker and gentler things in me prevailed over the sterner. I burst into tears, and threw myself sobbing into her arms. She smoothed my hair with her soft hand, and kissed me in her loving way.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Davy?" she said, with a repressed concern in her voice.

It was sometime before I could answer her, and

not until she had twice repeated the question. Then I told her all the day's experience, and how I had felt about it, concealing nothing in regard to the state of mind into which I had come. She had drawn her arm about me, and we were now in a little summer-house covered with vines, and all alone. She still clasped me with her arm very tightly. I know now what was in her thoughts, and why she remained so long silent, holding me very closely to her side. How was she to meet this new experience into which I had come, and so direct me that I might not go astray? There was danger on my right hand and on my left—danger of becoming a weak coward or a fierce antagonist, losing in personal hate a sense of justice and scorn of wrong.

"Tell me all about it again, Davy," she said in a low, serious voice, as we sat together in the summer-house.

I felt her sympathetic tenderness, and looked up gratefully into her eyes. She seemed very calm. There was no quiver of anger on her lips, and no flush of indignation on her cheeks.

I went over the whole story again, she listening to it all without a word of comment or interruption. Then she laid her cheek down upon my head, not speaking for several minutes.

"My son must be true and brave," she said at length, lifting her head, and speaking slowly and with impressive earnestness. "He must be just and kind, never doing wrong, and always defending the right."

I felt a thrill pass through me as she uttered this sentence. Its fuller meanings came to me more in the tones of her voice than in the simple import of the words she had spoken.

"You know what a coward is, Davy?" she asked, after a little pause.

"Yes," I answered. "A coward is one who is afraid."

"I don't want my little boy to be afraid of anything but doing wrong," she answered; "for nothing else can really hurt him."

I was puzzled at this, and she saw it in my face. A nut was lying upon the ground. My mother took it in her hand, and holding it toward me, said: "Why has this nut such a hard and strong shell? It is to protect and preserve the unseen kernel, which is the real nut. You may scar and batter the shell, but cannot really hurt the nut, unless you crack its outer covering. Now think of your soul as the nut in the shell, and of your body as the hard, tough, outer covering."

She paused for a little while to give me time to think, then resumed: "Hurt to the soul comes in a different way from hurt to the body. A blow or a wound cannot reach the soul nor do it any real harm, unless the blow or wound cause us to have wicked thoughts and bad feelings. Now, in defending the right, we may often be sorely hurt in our bodies, and even wounded in our feelings; but so long as we are true to the right, and just and merciful to others, our souls, which are our real selves, will remain unin-

jured like the sweet kernel in its shell. Not to defend the right, when we are strong enough to do so, through fear of hurt to our bodies, is to suffer an injury to our souls. It is cowardice which enfeebles the soul, and leaves it a prey to a host of enemies."

"Was it right," I asked, catching swiftly at her meaning, "for a boy to knock my hat over my eyes, or for another to play a mean trick on me, and cut my nose with his finger-nail?"

"Boys do a great many annoying things to each other in mere sport, and not from ill-nature. You will often have your patience sorely tried from this cause. If you get angry and retaliate, you will be hurt—hurt in your soul, I mean. Where a boy does not show ill-will, or a mean spirit of aggression, you must bear with him, even if his tricks and little practical jokes are unpleasant. In going through life, whether as children or men and women, we need to have great patience with the faults and follies of the people into whose society we are thrown. It is another thing when they assail our rights, or the rights of those we are bound to protect. Then courage and resistance must take the place of forbearance. The aggressors must be held back with all our strength. We must not be weak cowards, but stand up bravely, and do battle for the right. Don't you see the difference, my son?"

"Yes, mother," I answered, "I can see it. And I am not going to be a coward."

I felt my blood grow hot, and a new life thrill along my nerves. My mother saw the flash in my eyes and the straightening up of my form as I uttered the last sentence. I know she felt proud of the spirit of her boy.

How much I had lived and learned in that single day of school-boy experience. But for my wise and loving mother, I would have been sadly hurt by this first hard contact with life. A false idea as to the way I should bear myself toward these boys, might have made me a sharp and angry combatant whenever touched by trespass, or left me half a craven; for I had two elements of character that needed careful treatment, lest one should receive a higher stimulus than the other, and gain the mastery over me. The weaker side of my character left me in danger of becoming a coward; while my individuality, and sensitive regard for personal rights, with an underlying quickness of temper, were strong enough to make me, when under provocation, forget all consequences in a suddenly aroused indignation. This feeling had stirred in me so strongly while passing through my first ordeal on the playground, that I was almost frightened afterwards when I remembered how near I was to getting into a brawl with one of the lads on my first day at school—the bare thought thereof causing my cheeks to burn with shame.

I had entered two new worlds—an outer and an inner world. The change in my external relations had been attended, as such changes nearly always are, with a change in my states of thought and feeling; and my new states of thought and feeling were almost as much a surprise to me as my new surround-

ings. Up to this period, I had been a happy and unreflecting boy, simply enjoying the life that flowed in upon and around me, as life flows into a well-tilled and sheltered garden. No sun had scorched me; no frost-laden wind had chilled me; no drought had wasted the rich soil in which I grew. But the Heavenly Gardener, whose providence is over us all for good, set me for a little while out of my sunny border, that I might become used to a different and more rugged soil, and to a colder and more vigorous atmosphere. It was not meant that I should always remain a tender plant, living where all things were fragrant and beautiful. My roots must strike into deeper and firmer earth, my trunk grow larger and stronger, and my branches lift and spread themselves abroad in the upper air. So it was ordered that I should be taken for a little while each day from the home-garden to outer fields and colder and more rugged places, that I might become harder and tougher for a new life in the years to come.

Prior to that first day at school, memory has no record that is very clear. Over all that precedes lies a dim, golden haze; and as I look back on the land of childhood it more than half conceals, I have an old, sweet sense of rest, and peace, and safety. Ah, that I should have lost this feeling when my new life began, and lost it for so many, many years!

From my mother I passed to my sisters. They saw us as we came from the summer-house, and crowded about me, full of eager questions.

"All right!" said my mother, cheerily. "Davy's going to make a scholar and a man. He's passed the lions, and is not at all hurt, you see."

I tried to look brave and assured; but my soft young heart was trembling in my throat, and the tears I could not hold back were pressing into my eyes. Edith, my oldest sister, saw instantly how it was. I had been hurt, and could not conceal the pain which I still suffered. She put her arms about me in her impulsive way, and a single tender word caused my tears to gush and my sobs to break as I laid my head against her bosom.

"Poor Davy!" she said, in pitying tones, stroking my hair and kissing my wet cheeks. "Poor Davy!" she repeated. "It's hard, I know. And the boys are a dreadful set. What did they do to you? And was the master cross?"

"Edith!" My mother spoke with a rebuke in her voice. "You must not talk so to Davy. He's our little man, and is going to grow up and be large, and strong, and good, like his father."

"Of course he is," broke in Fanny, in her clear, steady tones, so like my mother's. And,

"Of course he is," dropped from the lips of Rachel, my loving but impulsive little playmate, two years older, and more than two years wiser, than her brother.

Then she drew me out of Edith's arms, saying: "Come! I want to know all about it." And glad to get away and hide the unmanly tears that were still on my cheeks, I broke from my elder sisters and ran back with Rachel to the summer-house, where we

had a long talk together, I relating the trials and experiences of the day, and she counseling me with a child-wisdom far beyond her years. My account of the manner in which I had been treated on the playground, made her eyes flash, and drew her lips to an angry curve. That I, her tenderly-loved and cared-for brother, should be so set upon and outraged, filled her with pain and indignation; but when, fired anew by the passion which I saw in her face, I clenched my fists and set my teeth, vowing that I would knock down the first boy who touched or insulted me, if he were as big as a giant, she laid her hand on me and said quickly: "No, no, Davy! You mustn't fight. That would be dreadful!"

"I don't want to fight, sister—and I won't, if I can help it; but I'm not going to be a mean coward. Do you want me to be a coward?"

I saw the flash come again into her eyes.

"I'd rather you'd be anything else than a coward," she answered, with a ring in her voice.

"Don't brave men have to fight sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Is it wrong to fight?"

"Not always. For doesn't the hymn say,

'Sure I must fight if I would reign?'

And didn't the minister say last Sunday that life was a warfare, or something like it? He talked about our having to fight, and that we must be good soldiers, and never turn our backs upon the enemy. I asked mother about it after we came home from church, and she said that he meant the enemies of our souls—the evil things that come into our minds and try to make us do wrong. We must fight against them and destroy them, just as the old Israelites fought against and destroyed the Canaanites; for, she said, the enemies of our souls are Canaanites, trying to keep us out of our Promised Land—the land of goodness."

"If it isn't wrong to fight the enemies of our souls, it can't be wrong to fight the enemies of our bodies," said I, a stronger sense of courage, and a more determined feeling of resistance, taking hold of me; "and I'm not going to stand things as I did to-day. I won't trouble any of the boys, but they've got to let me alone."

"It's a dreadful thing to fight, Davy," replied my sister, her face becoming a little pale. "I can't bear to think of it."

"Oh, I don't want to fight, and I'm not going to if I can help it. But you wouldn't have me stand like a coward, and let the boys kick and cuff me about, would you?"

"No," she answered, with a little throb of indignation in her voice, and a quick play of her sensitive features, "that would be worse than fighting. Oh, dear!" she added, with a sigh, "why are boys so dreadful bad?"

"They're not all bad; only a few of them, but then they set others on, and make them worse than they'd be if let alone. There are some nice boys at the school, and two or three who were ever so kind to

me; and one of them told an ugly fellow that if he didn't let me alone he'd give him a good thrashing. And he'd have done it; I saw that."

"And then the other boy let you alone?"

"Yes."

"Which was the biggest boy?"

"Oh, the fellow that kept pulling and shoving me about."

"And he was afraid of the smaller boy? Why was that?"

The true answer came to me. I saw just how it was.

"Because the small boy was a brave boy, and the large one a coward."

"That was it; and I guess you'll always find, Davy, that brave boys are generally kind and peaceable; and bullies and braggarts a set of mean cowards, who are cruel to the weak, but afraid of the strong."

This idea, new at the time, took hold of me, lodging itself in my thoughts. I saw that it must be true; and it gave me a strength and confidence which I had not felt before. I remembered how the boy who had played off a little trick on me, and cut my nose with his finger nail, got out of my way when he saw the angry fire in my face. He was larger and stronger; but afraid in the presence of my anger. I felt myself rising above him with the consciousness of a master. Henceforward he must let me alone.

"But you won't fight if you can help it, Davy?" pleaded my sister, as she fell back into a weaker state.

"No, not if I can help it, Rachel. But I won't be a coward, if I die!"

I felt at that moment, under an influx of feeling, stronger than usual, as brave as a lion.

"I don't want you to be a coward, and I don't want you to be a fighter, Davy. Oh, I wish boys weren't so bad! Why can't they let one and another alone?"

"They won't, and so there's no help for it," I returned with the feeling of a philosopher. How fast I was beginning to grow. What new ideas and impressions were being received. How large the world around me had become in a single day.

My father's advice was given in a very few words; but they had no uncertain meaning.

"Never do wrong to another, my son; and never suffer a wrong without trying to defend yourself. Don't be afraid of a little hurt. The pain of a blow soon passes off, and is nothing in comparison with the pain of that humiliation which is sure to follow a cowardly shrinking from duty. And it is our duty to resist evil, let it come in what shape it may. Stand up for all rights; for the rights of others as well as for your own. Be kind and generous; and as ready to help and defend the weak as to help and defend yourself."

I turned to my mother as my father ceased speaking. She was looking at him intently, and with an expression of loving admiration on her face. She was very proud of my father, and always referred to

him in terms of praise; saying, sometimes, that he was the best man in the world. She never opposed him in a direct manner, though her judgment was usually better than his in the common affairs of life. But love gave her tact, and she was able to lead him often into safer ways than, if left to himself, he would have chosen. Direct opposition would have destroyed much of her influence over him; for below his placid exterior lay an element of firmness and self-assertion which, when it became active, made him sometimes as immovable as a rock.

That look from my mother, so full of approval, gave to my father's admonition a double force. All was very clear to me now. True and brave; kind and generous; these were the ideals of character set before me. How beautiful they seemed in my eyes on that never-to-be-forgotten evening. How my heart swelled with an unselfish heroism. How strong I was; how manly; how courageous.

I was a young knight, preparing for the field. Loving hands were casing me in armor, and buckling on sword and shield. Loving lips were speaking brave words, and loving hearts trusting me with the honor of a house that bore an untainted name. Was I not better prepared for my coming conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, than if I had been sent forth without sword or mail? I had weapons now, of finest steel, and the skill to use them, and I had shield and armor. If this had not been so, I should have been worsted in many conflicts from which I came off victorious. I should have been marred and crippled, and all my life blurred by imperfections. I might have been, too often, a terror and a curse, instead of a brave defender.

With what a new feeling did I start for school on the next day. I had a sense of largeness and strength never experienced before. In my mother's eyes, as I kissed her at parting, I saw loving confidence. She did not say in words—"Be brave and true, and kind, my son;" but in her face she said it with a stronger emphasis than could have been given in oral language.

As I neared the school-house, and remembered the ordeal through which I had passed on the day before, and thought of the new ordeal that awaited me, my heart began to tremble. I was small and weak compared with some of the boys; and especially with those who had annoyed me most. To play the coward, however, was now impossible, for all the brave spirit, which had been aroused in me was alive, and I was prepared for suffering and endurance; but not for shrinking and craven fear.

Donald Payne was two or three years my senior, and much stouter and stronger. Besides being selfish and greedy, he was something of a bully. What I had seen of him on the day before left a strong impression on my mind, and I felt for him both dislike and disgust. It so happened that I reached school ten minutes before the opening hour. A number of lads were on the playground, and among them was Donald Payne. He saw me while I was still at a short distance, and greeted me in a loud, sneering



voice, calling me at the same time by a coarse nickname. I felt the angry blood rise suddenly to my face; and in that instant all fear of the boy died out. But I tried to control myself. I must be patient and forbearing. This was one of the lessons I had received both from my mother and Rachel. "Be slow to anger, Davy; be very patient and forbearing, but full of courage and endurance. Never strike but in self-defense, and then strike quick and hard." My mother's breath was hot on my cheek as she said this, and I felt its inspiration as I walked into the playground under a fire of insolent words. My sister Rachel had crowded into one of my pockets a large apple. Donald saw it, and as I passed him on my way to the school-house door, he snatched it out and bit a large mouthful from its ruddy side. A tiger could hardly have leaped more quickly on its prey than I did upon the boy, wrenching the apple from his hand, and dashing him from me with a strength that sent him staggering off for a dozen paces. Then he fell forward, striking his face upon the ground.

It was the work of an instant. Donald sprang to his feet, his face almost black with passion, and swearing an oath—the first I had ever heard from the lips of a boy—came toward me with clenched fists. I stood firm, with my eyes upon him, and every muscle as strong for the conflict as my heart was brave to meet it. I was equal to the occasion, thanks to my wise home-counselors! But the shock of battle, for which I was ready, did not come.

"Donald!" cried a quick, stern voice.

I turned at the sound, and saw our teacher standing in the school-house door. At sight of him, Donald shrunk back, looking frightened and ashamed; but I stood still, nerving myself to meet whatever consequences might come. The teacher regarded me steadily for a few moments, and then went back into the school-room. I could not interpret the meaning of what I saw in his face. I thought its sternness had softened a little, but I was not sure. A low growl and a muttered threat from Donald came to my ears as the teacher's form vanished from the door, but I did not turn to look at him. A fear, greater than any fear that he could inspire, lay before me now—a fear of being misunderstood and misjudged by the teacher; of being regarded by him as ill-natured and quarrelsome, and of receiving unjust punishment, the outward suffering of which would be slight in comparison with the inward pain and humiliation.

Nothing was said to me during the morning session, but more than once, on looking toward the teacher, I saw his eyes resting on me with an expression I did not understand. I could not detect any anger in his voice when he addressed me, as he did several times while I was reciting my lessons, which were not so well said as they should have been; not for lack of preparation, but in consequence of the disturbed state of mind into which I had been thrown by the incident just described. Two or three times during the morning I noticed that he spoke sharply to Donald Payne; and I also noticed that he called

him up to his desk a little while before the session closed at noon, and said something that caused Donald to throw a quick glance toward me.

I did not go out when the school was dismissed. Most of the scholars lived close by in the village, and went home at noon. A few like myself came from a distance, and brought their dinner-baskets. These were in a closet. I had taken out my basket, and was opening it in a corner of the room quite distant from where two or three of the scholars were already engaged in eating, when the teacher came and sat down by me, saying, as he did so, in a grave voice that seemed to me a little troubled: "I saw all that happened this morning, David, and I feel sorry about it. It isn't well to be too quick in our resentments. Donald acted very wrong in taking your apple; but—"

He did not finish what he intended saying. Some question of its influence upon me must have come into his mind. I lifted my eyes to his face, and looked at him steadily. I don't know what he saw in them—no craven spirit, I am sure. He dropped his own to the floor, and remained silent for some moments.

"We must not be too quick in our resentments, David," said the teacher, repeating the thought he had uttered a little while before. "There may be better and easier ways of getting through the world than by fighting through it. Your father will tell you that."

"My father says," I replied, "that I must never do wrong to another, and never let another do me a wrong without trying to defend myself." I spoke with some timidity of manner, and in a respectful tone, as to one who stood above me.

I noticed a change in his countenance. There was a look of approval which he could not hide—a look that softened until it became almost compassionate. He regarded me for awhile as one who takes the measure of another and calculates his strength. I was small and slender, and looked three or four years younger than the lad whose assault upon my rights I had so bravely resisted.

"And you are going to follow your father's advice?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," I answered. There was a clearer ring in my voice than I had meant to give it.

"But what does your mother say?" inquired my teacher.

"She says that I must not be afraid of anything but doing wrong."

"Then you've talked it all over at home," he said, manifesting a new interest.

"Yes, sir."

"And what do your sisters say?"

"They don't want me to be a coward, and they don't want me to be a fighter."

He was silent for awhile.

"David, your father and mother have given you good advice. But did they tell you that if you always endeavored to stand firmly by the right, and always tried to defend yourself, you would sometimes be hurt and have to suffer pain?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are not afraid?"

"I will not be a coward, if I die!" came with a sudden impulse from my lips.

My teacher laid his hand on my head, and held it there for a few moments. Then, without speaking another word, he turned from me and left the school-room. For many minutes after he had gone out, I sat with my dinner-basket open before me, not thinking of the food it contained, nor tasting it. His approving words sank deeply into my heart, and gave me new strength and courage; not the courage that wantonly assails, but the courage that is ready to suffer if needs be in defense of the right.

I was not entirely satisfied with myself on account of the way in which I had resisted Donald Payne. My passion had burned out too fiercely. I had not been content with recovering my apple. In my anger, I had thrown him violently to the ground. This left a troubled weight on my feelings, which I could not shake off. As for the apple, which had wrought this discord, I gave it away. To have eaten it would have been next to impossible. The teeth of Donald Payne had crushed in one of its beautiful cheeks and taken out all the sweetness.

Half an hour before the afternoon session of the school commenced, the boys began to assemble on the playground. I had been out of doors, after eating my dinner, for more than an hour, when I saw Donald coming down the village street. He was walking rapidly. As he came near the school-house, he saw me on the playground. My heart gave a quick bound, and then beat heavily. I felt a choking sensation. The reaction which had followed the morning's excitement and severe strain on my nerves, left me in no condition for a new trial of strength with this young ruffian. I would have gone quietly back into the school-room, and so kept out of harm's way, could I have done so without attracting notice. But I was too proud to give a sign of weakness like this. And, besides, I was wise enough to know that if I exhibited the slightest fear, all the advantage I had gained over him would be lost.

The irritating annoyances of the day before had not been repeated by any of the ill-natured or thoughtless boys. The lesson given to Donald had worked a revolution in my favor. Those who had manly and honorable impulses, found something in me to respect, while the rest thought it safest to let me alone. They stopped their sports as they saw Donald enter the playground, and all eyes were turned in rapid alternations from him to me. I was standing by the fence, with one arm around a post, and not far from the gate. He saw me, and paused; then, after a moment of irresolution, came toward me with a threatening look and gesture. If he could have seen into my heart, he would have struck me, but I did not betray my shrinking fear. With closely-shut mouth and steady eyes, I confronted him. He stood for almost a minute, glaring at me fiercely.

"I'll beat the life out of you!" he cried. "See if I don't!" And he shook his fist in my face.

"No you'll not!" And a lad his equal in age and strength came up quickly. "Let Davy Lovel alone, and take a boy of your size, if you must have a fight. He's thrashed you once, and can do it again; but he's done enough in one day for a little fellow like him. If you want another thrashing, I'm your man. So square off!"

A shout of applause went up from the playground, and a dozen boys or more came crowding about us. But Donald had no wish to measure his strength with that of the brave-hearted boy who had so generously come to my succor.

I turned with an instinct of gratitude and gave my hand to the lad. He caught hold of it warmly, saying: "You're a brave little fellow, Davy, and I'm proud of you. Don't be afraid of Donald. You can whip him any day; but once a day is enough for a light chap like you. Don't be quarrelsome, Davy; and don't let the boys impose on you; and they'll not try it often when they know that you'll not stand their nonsense."

"Hurrah for Davy Lovel!" cried a dozen voices. The tide had turned. I was a hero. The maiden knight had won his first victory, and the shouts of applause that filled the air were sweet to his ears.

(To be continued.)

#### ONE OF AUNT CHATTY'S GIRLS.

Suggested by reading Chatty Brooks "Lessons and Lectures" in the December number of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

A PRETTY little maiden fair,  
With azure eyes and silken hair,  
And modest, winsome, graceful air.

That is (I think I'm understood),  
She had these graces—when she would;  
But—well, she was not *always* good.

She stormed, sometimes, like April skies,  
When, after sunshine, clouds arise,  
And, fitful, ope' their weeping eyes.

But not for long the genial sun  
Hides from the world like veiled nun,  
Wrapped up in cocoon saintly spun.

And not for long my lady fair,  
With azure eyes and silken hair,  
Hid her sweet graces rich and rare;

They beamed from a repentant sigh—  
From this frank word, "Ashamed am I!  
O auntie, to be good I'll try!"

What life is so exempt from sin  
That churlish thoughts will never spin  
Their cobwebs o'er the heart within?

And plain to me it doth appear  
That none but God can sweep them clear—  
Let's ask Him! He is always near.

MRS. S. B. HARDY.

## WHY MISS DOLLIE CHANGED.

TWO years ago everybody remarked Miss Dollie wherever she went. Her dresses were so short and so scantily trimmed, her linen collars and cuffs were so severely plain, her abundant, glossy hair was brushed back as hard and smooth as glass, and she seemed verily to believe that she owed somebody an apology if she ever gave way to the momentary weakness of wearing a bright ribbon. She almost never went out, let the day be ever so sunny, without being armed with waterproof and umbrella. Old ladies gazed at her admiringly as "a sensible girl," and upheld her as a model; young ones broke out into exclamations of wonder over the items of her rigid costumes. Old gentlemen laughed at her, and asked her if she *really* thought it wicked to wear frizzes and jewelry; young ones set her down as a conceited prig.

But, after awhile, what a revolution! The members of her circle suddenly became aware that Miss Dollie had appeared with her hair puffed, and wearing a trained skirt. Soon it was rumored that she adorned herself with a locket and earrings. And at last she was seen with a soft lace ruche encircling her dainty throat, and a coquettish hat perched airily upon her fluffy waves. And almost immediately after this series of wonders, it was discovered that the young lady had natural charms hitherto quite overlooked—a pair of bright eyes, and exquisite pink-and-white complexion, and a slender, graceful figure.

Some of the old ladies sighed, and murmured: "Alas for youthful vanity!" But the wiser ones smiled and said: "'A sensible girl' is against nature. She couldn't escape any more than the others." The young ones cried: "How sweet she is! Why didn't we find it out before?"—that is, all except those who began to fear that the transformed Miss Dollie would encroach upon their territory. The old gentlemen said: "Dollie, we can trust you now; we were not sure of you before." The young ones wondered: "What ever possessed such a pretty girl to act so old-maidish?" Of course there were plenty of somebodies to say that she had been "converted the wrong way."

Suppose we interview Miss Dollie herself.

"Well," she says, "I always loved pretty things, but I thought it was simple to spend one's whole time, and thought, and means in dress. I wanted to be sensible, and to look so. But after a time I accidentally found out that if I crimped my hair I could easily arrange it in a few minutes, while if I wore it smooth I had to brush, and fuss, and worry to get it just so. And I discovered that if I wore my skirt untrimmed, the least little break would show and spoil the whole dress; while if I had flounces, I could fix up my clothes ever so many ways. So, really, if I dressed a little more like other people, I wouldn't have to think about my dress one-half so much as I actually did. And then I began to think, was I, in fact, so sensible as I thought myself? Wasn't I

making myself conspicuous? What good could I hope to accomplish in the world, what influence for better could I ever exert, if nobody could attend to my conversation for thinking of my appearance and remarking how peculiar I was? Did I not, by my Puritanic attire, carry with me an odious air of bristling virtue, a sort of holding myself up above my fellow-beings, an odor of I-am-holier-than-thou? My mind was made up. I would—not *be* vain—but shun vanity. There was far, far more of it in my old fashion than my new."

And so her friends think. They have found that a lovely and intelligent young woman was long buried away from them under a superincumbent mountain of prudery.

Miss Dollie now adopts any novelty simply and naturally, consulting only her own taste and means; whereas, before, she had to hesitate, and cogitate, and wonder whether it would be consistent in her to wear it, or whether she would be foolish if she did. And she has learned that one extreme in anything is likely to be as unwise as the other, and that reaction will most likely be the consequence of either. She believes also that, so far from its being the outcroppings of a carnal mind, it is just as natural for a healthy girl to love the beautiful as for the roses to bloom or the birds to sing.

MARGARET.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

WHAT most women need next after health and power of acquisition, and the confidence which springs from having acquired something, is a tolerable amount of administrative capacity. Housekeeping is administration on a small scale. It includes the faculty of getting the most for one's money and managing servants and children. If it were likely to be a man's vocation to the extent to which it is likely to be a woman's, he would undoubtedly be prepared for it by some sort of apprenticeship. He would have to learn in some subordinate capacity the proper mode of buying and preparing food, and of procuring and taking care of furniture and clothing, and of ruling servants. He would be trained to receive company by some experience of the art of entertaining, both in its material and its æsthetic aspect. No one would ever guess, however, from an inspection of an average school course, that a girl was to be the head of that most complex result of civilization, a modern household, with its thousand duties, responsibilities and relations. No one would ever suppose that the very end and aim of the nation's existence, the main use of its armies and navies, commerce, police, manufactures and inventions, was the multiplication of well-ordered parlors, with agreeable and efficient women in them—and yet this is strictly true. All our toiling, fighting, traveling and producing ends in this. When a man has set up a happy home, he feels, and the whole community agrees with him, that the best work of his life is done.

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

No. 6.

SOMETIMES I could cry out in very despair from the annoyance of the shiftless poor in our neighborhood. Not the unfortunate poor, nor the planning, managing, worthy poor; none of these who endeavor to help themselves, but the idle, aimless, thoughtless, vagabond poor. Not the tramps who infest our land and sneak up to our back doors and either cringe and whine, or put on bravado airs when they tell us they have not eaten a morsel for three days, the funny tricksters whose barricade of lies will crumble away under the influence of a laugh; not these, for they will go away with a lunch in their hands and we never see them again. We can get along very well with the tramps, and their name is legion, and the traveled route, the line of railroad from the great cities in the West to the cities in the East runs through our farm, and our house looks down upon them with a grinning welcome, but they come, and go, and are easily disposed of.

But these beggarly, little, open-mouthed children, with slits in their dresses, and limp cotton bonnets flapping over their faces, whose grimy hands never lave in water, and whose little heads are never brushed and made pretty; who will sit three or four in a row, gaping like young crows, for hours at a time; oh, you wise women needn't tell me you'd do so and so, and you'd elevate the mothers and encourage them, and teach them to work, and make them realize the importance and responsibility of bringing up a family for time and for eternity!

Hav'n't I tried to do it? If a woman who comes up to the age of forty has no desire to be taught better ways, aspires to nothing higher, is content to live in the dirt, and burrows in old log houses like a mole, she is incorrigible.

Monday morning I said: "To-day I will write; I hope nothing will hinder me," and went to the room and arranged my papers, and thought of my subject, and had just written the first sentence, commencing, "Augustus Le Moine and Felina Fitzgerald were lovers, and he was fat and she was slim, and he liked her and she liked him," when I heard the clatter of shuffling feet coming on the porch—across it—into the house, and they filed themselves in a row on the lounge like squabby young birds on a perch.

I let Gustus and Felina wait, and going out said: "Good-morning, children." There they sat, three little girls, ranging from the ages of eight to twelve years. They were pretty children, really sweet young ones, only for the hang-dog look and the drooping shoulders, and the sneaking eyes that turned away whenever they met another's eyes.

They sat, and sat, and sat. Finally I said, kindly, "Did you children want anything to-day?"

"Mother she wants to git a little flour; pap, he's gone to Uncle Joe's to see about gettin' a little wheat, an' he'll take the grist to mill an' then we'll take an' pay you."

It was the same old story. I had tried one of my old dodges on this very family a good many times;

had said "We have no flour to sell or lend, but I will give you some and you need not pay it back." Among honorable people this plan will work well. I gave them some; enough to do two good bakings, saying as I handed it to them in their pillow-case, fresh from last night's service, "Don't pay it back, and please don't run here for flour unless you are almost suffering; now, that's a lady," and I endeavored to smile a little by way of softening the refusal.

"And mother she wants to know if you could let us have coffee enough to do over Sunday; Zeke he's workin' for Nathan Dickerman, an' when they pay him we'll buy some coffee an' take an' pay you back agin."

I hesitated. I didn't want to do a mean thing, and I did not like to have the deacon buy coffee to give away to stalwart, healthy people, who never planned for the needs of to-morrow, and yet, the "mother, she" was a nursing woman, and, who knows! perhaps her baby worried her all night, and what if the breakfast table, bare and bleak, brought no cheering cup of coffee to this poor human woman—a woman like myself in all her physical needs—yes, I'd let her have enough to last a couple of days.

The fair, fat, pretty face of the twelve years' old girl turned toward me as I laid the coffee beside her, and in a hesitating, sneaking way, just above a whisper, she said, quite like a child declaiming, "Mother she'd like to git a mess or two more o' that sassage like you gin us t'other day;" and then her large, blue eyes fell, and she began walloping one shapely hand over the other until they looked like the gambols of a couple of kittens. I thought of my Augustus and his Felina on the desk, and growing almost desperate, I said: "For those who like sassage, that is certainly very nice; I put it down in sweet brine and cared for it myself, but you told me the other day you didn't like the mess I did give you."

Then the next child, with eyes as sharp as the glittering eyes of a mink, squealed out. "Me an' mam we eat too many of 'em, we did; they most allus make me sick if I eat too many of 'em."

Lily laughed out and said: "They need a commissary to deal out their rations."

We got the sausage, hunted up something to put it in, washed our hands and took off the kitchen apron and prepared to go back to our work. Still they sat. Just then one of them moved, and a tin-cup fell on the floor from under her shawl. "Did you want anything else?" we asked, in the door of our room.

The fair girl, the speaker, wriggled sidewise, hustled her feet, thrust her tongue from one side of her mouth to the other, and said: "Mother said she'd like awful well to have some apple-butter. Aunt Sade, she's comin' down and she's goin' to stay over Sunday, an'—an'—"

"She's fond of apple-butter, is she?" said I, with an effort to assist the poor little vagrant to give variety to her stories.

"Yes, m'am, awful," was the answer.



And then little girl number two, piped out: "Maybe Dick Ryall he'll come with her; he's her feller; he goes wherever Sade goes." And then, as though she had not said just the right thing, the little midge gave her head the drollest twist, and hooked her upper jaw over the top of one of the chain-posts, and hung that way.

Where did these young ones pick up such uncouth manners?

I filled the tin-cup with apple-butter, and then went back and made an effort to resume my story, but bursts of suppressed giggling from the poor little vagabonds disturbed me. Had they laughed aloud, or even halloed, it would not have annoyed me half so much. But I worried along. Augustus said some very flat things, and Felina was not proving to be a character worth the telling of, when Lily came into my room, and with a very disturbed expression of countenance laid her hands on my head pityingly. I knew what that meant, and, rising, I went to the kitchen and said with a semblance of cheer: "Come, girls, maybe your mother needs you to tend baby."

They all grinned broadly, and the fair, fat one answered: "Oh, mother she nusses it all the time most! Whenever she sets down to smoke, she holds Andy and rocks him like."

"Yes; well," I said, almost "quenched," as Artemus Ward called it; but I opened the door and tried to smile as I continued: "You'll have a nice walk over the hill and in the woods. How I did like those woody paths when I was a little girl long ago!" And I held the door invitingly open.

They hitched a little, as though it were hard work to rise; they coughed, and grunted, and looked at each other, and finally the frame of the fair, fat one gave a little lurch forward, then settled back. I smiled away, my hand still on the door. The frame gave another movement, the two feet hustled, the elbows twitched; a long breath came, and, bending over, the fair one essayed to rise. She did rise to her feet; she tucked her bundle of sausage more safely under her arm, and then she began to move. The mink-eyed one moved gradually, and the little wee one, that Lily calls a chestnut-worm because she is so plump, and waxen-white, and limp, rose and clattered after. Just as they went off the porch, they remembered the civilities that ladies pass, the currency so common, and the elder said, in a soft, cringing voice, barely raising her beautiful eyes: "You must come over and see me."

"Thank you," I reply; and no doubt a good deal of pleasure and relief was seen in my face framed in the doorway.

"Come over and see me," pipes out number two.

I bow my thanks.

"Tum an' see us," lisps the little white worm.

"Bless the child!" I say, all the womanly and motherly instinct of my nature alive and warm. And though those children annoy and hinder me, and keep me from my work, I could hardly help catching up the baby-one and hugging her to my

bosom. There is nothing sweeter than little children and babies, and our fingers tingle to play with them, whether they be vagrant, Indian, negro or white folks-y.

At least three times a week this is our experience, and the experience of our neighbors. We hold that teaching the shiftless poor how to economize and manage is the truest charity; but if the mother and father are of that very idle, aimless, heedless type of vagabondism, the work will require a great deal of patience.

Sometimes, in very despair, I lock my fingers and look away to the rim of the fair horizon beyond the hills in the blue distance, and I say aloud to my ease-loving, selfish self: "Do something! Up with you, Miss Potts! Find the right tools, and go to work renovating, and elevating, and Christianizing this woman or that woman! Who knows but you may be an instrument in God's hands of doing some good in the world! 'Why sit ye here all the day idle,' with your pen gliding over the sheet, sometimes in visionary mood, or talking to people you never saw and who don't care a straw for you, when that woman over the hill, or that one down the valley, are drifting along through life as heedless as the grazing cows in the lane, bringing new children into the world every year or two who will grow to be like the mothers who gave them birth; and in the years to come they will put on the crown of the father and the mother, and wear it just as thoughtlessly and as wickedly. If the sprawling rose-bush be trimmed, and pruned, and tied up to a stake, so that the blessed sunshine can warm and invigorate its branches, and the revivifying winds and rains bless its buds, how beautiful will be the flowers; how sweet the blush that will reddens the very hearts of the roses; how delicious the fragrance; how rare the symmetry; how fine the tints! But, if neglected, the weeds will riotously run over all, and it were better that the beggarly blossoms, ill-shapen, had never starred the grass with their faint semblance of roses, that were not roses."

I lecture myself unsparingly and often in this wise. Sometimes I drop a few tears in my bewilderment, and wonder how to begin, and if the effort for good would pay in any sense, and if the results would continue—would abide even for a little while.

Last evening I called on one of my poor neighbors to get her little boy to run of an errand for me. I sat down and waited until the child returned. She is very poor—a kind, industrious, tender-hearted woman.

"I am so glad you called, Pipsey," said she, "for I needed your counsel. Take the rocking-chair, do, and sit where you can see the sunset from the window while I talk to you."

This woman used to live with us in the years ago, in which we were writing "Other People's Windows;" and when in the evenings we read aloud our day's work for criticism, she was always present, sometimes wiping her eyes in response, and oftener laughing with all the jollity of a frolicsome boy. So

we liked to sit in Kitty's rocking-chair; and well the little woman knew where to place it for our delectation.

"I feel quite guilty," said Kitty, "and I want to tell you all about it. The Murrays sent here to-day for meal, and beans, and coffee, in their usual beggarly way, and I gave them the meal and the beans, and told them that their father and brother were as able to work and buy coffee and groceries as my Tom was. You know poor Tom has the dyspepsia so that he's never feeling well, and that old battle-wound in his leg makes him miserable in damp weather. They looked very mournful when they started home. Then I began to put the house in order and lay away the children's playthings. A tract, given me by old brother Warnfield, lay on the floor, and as I stooped to pick it up, my eyes fell upon one sentence: 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.' I felt guilty. I thought it was meant for me, and now it seems providential that you came, for maybe you can tell me whether I did wrong or not."

Poor Kitty! I laughed at her and told her it was not the duty of herself or her husband to minister to the wants of a family in good health, who were able to do for themselves; that if they were sick or suffering, temporary relief would be a duty due from any of us.

We have not written for two or three days. This morning we sat down and took up the pen, when there was a sneaking rap at the door. We opened it and admitted two women of the class we have been talking about. One was a foul old smoker of the pipe, and brought the odor with her—that smell that makes one dizzy. As poor old father says, "they are women," and with the respect due to all the sisterhood we sat down with them. One wanted outgrown clothes to make over for "Sonny," and a scrub broom, and the other whooped out that they were going to move away off to-morrow, and she wanted lard, meat, coffee, apple-butter, soap, flour and tobacco. Her "old man" would work and pay the deacon—a better man never was when he had plenty of work to do and didn't have the sciatica in his hips. He was a very tender-hearted man; fond of fish as he was he never could bear to go fishing and take the life of the poor innocent, harmless angle worms, that were used for bait! She wondered if "old man Potts" would trust her man with the horses and wagon when they moved. Father assured her that he never allowed strangers to drive his horses. Then she wondered if the Pottses here were anyways connected with the Pottses in Old Virginia; they were second cousins of her mother's; she thought there was a little resemblance; they were all sandy and kind o' white-eyed like us, and they, too, went as if old Sattan was hookin' it after them when they walked. And did we raise beans to sell? And was the white heifer calf in the lot of the same breed as that old cow with the branching horns? And did we want to sell the calf? And had the old man any ashes to sell, or any soap-grease, or any chickens?

And did the boys from the village steal our chickens? And had we any clearing to do? Not that her man wanted her to ask, she just took it on herself.

And there they sat and sat. The time was passing; my thoughts were among the papers on my desk. I was so anxious to get them off that I gave them all they asked for.

We don't want to complain; we pity the poor, but our thoughts grow bitter sometimes in trying to bear with the poverty-stricken of the vagrant type. We said to father, "What plan can you devise, think of something," and the reply was, "Oh, they would have to be born again! Their constitutional make-up is of very poor material; their blood is tainted with the dregs of an old-time vagabondism; they are naturally easy, and lazy, and unthrifty. They will eventually 'peter out' into tramps." It were easier to make flowers out of weeds by nice cultivation, than manly men, and womanly women, of these. Not that the ban is upon them, but that they will not rise up and crowd into clean, high places, with uplifted foreheads waiting to be starred, and to be illuminated by the "the Light that is never off sea or land." They might clothe themselves anew and become consecrated and live good, plain, quiet lives, if not lives such as crown the efforts of the aspiring souls who walk on the mountain tops near the glory that shines down upon them like a blessing and a benediction.

PIPSEY POTTS.

**DRAWING OUT HIS FEAR.**—A traveler in Portugal says: I witnessed a beautiful and touching incident illustrative of the early lessons which make the peril of the future occupation familiar to a child from his cradle, in a little scene on the banks of the Douro. A fisherman and his wife stood at the water-side, opposite to a deep and dangerous spot. Their child, a boy of about a year old, was already habited in the costume of his future life, that of a sailor, the trousers tucked up above the child's knees. Leading him toward the river's brink, the mother purposely wetted his tiny feet; he was alarmed, and clung to her. With soft and affectionate caresses, again and again she led him to the water, until the little imp, emboldened by her encouragement, ventured down alone, and, only just able to walk, tottered unsteadily to the stream. I trembled at the risk; a few feet farther, and the water deepened dangerously. But there was no cause for fear. Guided by a watchful eye, the mother's hand was ever ready to catch the little scrap of infant humanity, just in time to save it, and to render my half-uttered exclamation unnecessary: "*Que está fazendo?*" (What is she doing?) "*Está lhe tirando o medo.*" (She is drawing out his fear), was the reply.

TOO MANY are in the habit of looking away from the blessings they have to think of those they have not. They engrave their deprivations and sorrows on the rock, but write their blessings on the sand or the waves.

## FROM OMAHA TO CALIFORNIA.

IT was almost night when the train crept slowly from the depot through the smoky, dingy part of the city out into the fresh country air. The exhilarating movement, the delicious air and the extensive view, soon dispel the feelings of sadness and dejection with which we parted with our friends in Omaha. But the scenery, though beautiful, is not new to us, and we presently turn from it to the scene within—to the more interesting study of humanity as represented by our companions, who in very exclusive little groups are variously occupied. Though our own party seems sufficient to meet all our social requirements, yet we have a natural desire to know what our fellow-travelers are like; and after carefully, though covertly, observing them, we decide that, with a few exceptions, they will prove pleasant and agreeable.

As twilight deepens and the lamps are lit, in subdued tones we converse of the homes and friends we left behind us, of anticipated pleasures during our journey—perhaps of each other. But altogether this first evening on the train is rather dull; so we "retire" early, and are surprised when morning dawns to find we have slept so well on so rude a couch. Glancing from our window, we behold the vast prairie, grand in its immensity, though autumn has robbed it of its summer glory.

As hour after hour we speed along, these extensive prairies become monotonous as a landscape, but are suggestive of grand possibilities, when time and wealth, united with labor and perseverance, will transform these immense plains into cultivated farms; where now waves the tall, luxuriant grass will be seen fields of golden grain, relieved by young groves and orchards. The humble "dug-out" will be then replaced by tasteful cottages.

We had never seen a dug-out before; and as we pass one after another, without tree or shrub to shelter them from the heat and glare of the sun, without flower or vine to give them a home-like appearance, we begin to draw mental pictures of the loneliness, the discouragement and dreadful homesickness of their inmates. But as we pass one, in no way better than its neighbors, we catch a glimpse of a woman with a child in her arms; a man stood near holding a horse by the bridle, apparently for their mutual admiration. The beautiful animal, with head erect, gazed fearlessly at our passing train, the infant clapped its hands with delight, the wife wore the sunniest smile and the man's face said plain as words: "This is my world; with these, what a blessing is life!" The whole group, in the single moment we saw them, was like a revelation of happiness.

After this, we draw no more gloomy pictures of these humble homes. After all, it is not what we have in "worldly goods" that renders our lives happy, but our own estimate of their value.

During the day we have made the acquaintance of our neighbors, and the evening passes very pleasantly, each one helping toward the general amusement.

Songs are sung, half-forgotten school performances are revived for the occasion, and rehearsed amid mistakes and laughter. A gentleman whom, from a certain Spanish air, we had privately termed "the Don," recited a touching poem, in a voice so earnest and pathetic we were ready to weep. The moment he had finished, he commenced singing a modern comic song with such spirit and zest—his face the very picture of melancholy gravity—that peals of merriment mingled with the clatter of the car-wheels.

After that we made a sort of hero of "the Don," and in the evenings that followed he won much applause by the aptness with which he assumed various manners and characters.

Another day of far-stretched prairie, alkali, dust and wind. No enthusiasm over the scenery to-day; no sociability; we are all so tired and spiritless, that the merest civilities become irksome.

The third day is beautiful. The atmosphere is clear and bracing, and soon the snow-capped mountains appear in view like bright, fleecy clouds, forming a striking and brilliant contrast to the deep blue sky. We draw nearer and nearer, but it is a long time before we are among them, and when we are, they fail to realize our expectations of mountains; and in our ignorance we wonder how tourists can so exaggerate. But as we speed along they gradually become larger, higher and grander, until their lofty peaks seem to touch the fleecy clouds. Our car is now all disorder and confusion; for a better view, many rush to the platform, the more timid contenting themselves with that from the windows. On all sides are heard exclamations of delight and admiration. Though it is mid-afternoon, yet the shadows convert the day into the softness of twilight, while yet the mountain-tops are lit up by the sunlight, revealing the mouths of great caverns, projecting crags and great rocks, that seem ready to topple off and fall at any moment. We wonder if they have hung just so since the foundation of the world. As we rapidly pass them, dim, shadowy forms seem chasing each other from rock to crag, and it requires but a little stretch of the imagination to people these impenetrable heights with a savage race of fairies. Numerous small animals, which in our speed it is impossible to identify, scamper among the rocks and underbrush, and on a forlorn ledge, which seemed the very spirit of desolation, a group of mountain-goats had clambered, and were curiously surveying our passing train. In places, the mountain sides were covered with beautiful creeping vines, which still remained green, and twined themselves in graceful festoons from rock to shrub, forming lovely, natural arbors.

Even these romantic scenes have been profaned through mercenary motives. High up on some prominent rock we see the name of some patent medicine, the memory of which we hoped to have left behind us.

I think a geometrician would be puzzled to describe the figures formed by our train in its serpentine course. From our windows we frequently see the

engine as it puffs and groans on its upward journey. We pass the mouths of great cañons, their rugged sides fringed with mountain sage and flowering shrub; their enchanting shades seem so inviting we long to stop and explore them, and it is so provoking to be whisked past so rapidly.

After awhile fortune (or perhaps the presiding genius of the train called it misfortune) favored our desire. Our train halted to repair some defect in the engine, in a place wild and beautiful as the most romantic heart could wish. How eagerly we rushed out and climbed the rugged mountain sides! What a variety of specimens we gathered as souvenirs! Flowers, vines, ferns, stones, and even the bark of trees, were selected and admired far beyond their real merits.

We were sitting on a huge boulder, half-concealed by drooping vines, alternately enumerating our treasures and admiring the landscape, when we were startled by the appearance of a man dressed in the traditional garb of a hunter, his face almost concealed by his heavy beard and slouched hat. He addressed us with more courteous ease than we expect from one long deprived of the benefits of society, and soon entered into easy conversation. He manifested a pardonable pride in the domain he called his, but evinced little curiosity in regard to the world from which he professed to have been an exile for years. He told us there was a beautiful Indian legend connected with that very spot. We begged him to relate it, and in a sort of chanting monotone he began. I will write it for the benefit of the reader.

A beautiful Indian girl, named Marena, the daughter of a famous chief, was loved by one of her father's most humble subjects. In fact, the attachment was mutual, for he had been her companion from infancy, had led her carefully over rough, stony paths in search of wild berries or nuts. While yet a mere lad, he was very skillful with his bow and arrow, and brought her many beautiful feathers from bright-plumaged birds, and tanned the skins of the finest animals to adorn her lodge. As youth and maiden, they were almost inseparable, and had agreed to a union in which all their hopes centered. But, on applying to her father, the young lover's plea was met with the haughtiest contempt. The old chief called him a coward, and asked what act of bravery he had ever done to merit the daughter of a mighty ruler. He even threatened to take his life if he was ever seen again with his daughter. The old chief was very proud of his only child, and was a more indulgent father than is usually the case with Indians. He had marked out what he thought a noble destiny for her; he sought to unite her in wedlock with a young brave who had already won great distinction for bravery during a recent war. But the warrior found no favor in the eyes of the maiden. The pride he manifested in the scalps at his belt was revolting to her; his manner of assured success in his suit angered her, and she hated the brutal tyranny in his treatment of his inferiors.

One night, soon after her father's dismissal of her

lover, Marena was awakened by a well-known whistle, soft and low, yet near her lodge. She quickly dressed, and noiselessly stole out to meet him. He urged her to fly with him; but she said: "Nay, my father is old, and I am the light of his eyes; if I leave him, who will fill his pipe for him, and bring him the cool drink when he comes weary from the hunt? Who will sing the songs he loves, and spread his couch of furs? Nay, I will leave him not; but I will meet thee; and sometime thou, too, wilt be a great brave; then my father will consent to our union."

So they agreed that this rocky arbor should be their place of meeting, and often they sat here unobserved and happy. In softest, clearest tones he told her the legends of his race—tales of wildest bravery and daring engaged in by their fathers. Each night at parting they knelt together beside this rock and prayed the Great Spirit to soften the father's heart, and preserve her from a union so distasteful to her feelings.

One night a hunter, who had stopped to rest near them, saw and recognized them, and overheard their conversation, and treacherously sped away to tell her father and other lover, who were in consultation. The mighty chief was very angry, and struck the mischief-maker for daring to slander his daughter. But at the instigation of his companion, who was naturally jealous and suspicious, they repaired to the place designated, and, at sight of the lovers, the old chief was so enraged that, with his battle-axe, he killed them both, and their mingled blood flowed over the rock in indelible stains.

But ever after, the spirit of the powerful ruler seemed broken. He no longer delighted in the war-path, but was often seen sitting in dignified sorrow upon the rock where he had slain his child, singing lonely dirges, and smiting his breast, as if in expiation of his crime.

One night after many moons had passed, he was seen as usual; his once erect form was now bent, and his proud step faltering. His raven hair was now almost white, and streamed in tangled masses over his shoulders. He sat down and began to chant a dirge, when, floating in the air between those two peaks, came the spirits of his daughter and her lover, bearing between them a long, silken scarf of rose-color. They approached, and Marena laid her hand on her father's head and said: "Mourn no more, my father, the Great Spirit has forgiven thee; come with us, and thou, too, shalt be happy." As she spoke, she skillfully draped the scarf around his shoulders. Slowly it assumed the shape of wings, and together they floated in the air, disappearing in a bright, fleecy cloud.

The inexpressible pathos of the speaker's voice, the sombre foliage, and deathly stillness, and unutterable sadness of the place, rendered more effective by the fast-coming twilight, brought such a feeling of sadness and depression, that we all sat some time in silence. But the spell was broken by the sound of a low, derisive laugh, and, starting up, we recognize in



our bold hunter, "the Don," who, with his hunter's shaggy garments and false beard in his hand, stands regarding us with a quizzical expression of compassion. We suspect he is some stage-player taking a holiday trip across the continent, carrying with him sundry costumes for the amusement (?) of his fellow-travelers.

As another suspicion enters our brain, namely, that the legend to which we listened with wrapt attention and moist eyelids, was an invention of his fertile imagination, with what lofty scorn we reject his offered escort to the train. How we deplored the poverty of words to express our indignation. All the while we secretly admired the imperturbable gravity and self-control that so thoroughly deceived us, but longed for opportunity to repay the imposture so unwelcome to our sense of penetration.

Some hours before we reached Ogden we passed the "Devil's Slide." This point has been so often described I will not attempt it, but its name furnished the theme of numerous amusing remarks concerning the *genius loci* of the place.

The scenery in this vicinity is all wild and gloomy, yet casts over us a sort of melancholy fascination. We strain our eyes to catch the beauty of each scene, but ere we can appreciate one, it is passed, and another equally attractive meets our gaze. We now approach "the Devil's Gate," and though its name is not euphonious, it yet seems appropriate. The river which has been madly plunging along for miles, is here crowded between two gigantic rocks, where it dashes, roars and foams most furiously, throwing up masses of foam in a thousand ghostly shapes. The surrounding landscape is undefinably wild and grand, but so obscure is the shade that it casts a gloom over the whole scene. The trees and rocks cast dark shadows that seem mocking each other—one can easily imagine this the abode of some evil spirit, and half expects to see some wizen face peering from behind each rock and tree; and we give a sigh of relief as the train moves on, though we appreciate the kind courtesy of our conductor, who frequently checked the speed of his train to gratify the desire of the passengers for a better view of the beautiful scenery.

At Ogden we merely stepped across from a U. P. train to a C. P. drawn immediately alongside, and were soon speeding across the plains of Utah. Here we make our first acquaintance with the Chinese character; when we stop at the occasional stations, Chinamen come in with divers eatables, at which some of our companions cast looks of suspicion, but we put prejudice in our pocket and do ample justice to John's "fluit and bleed," which are really very good. Meanwhile John stands passively by an old lady who has frequently wearied us with her lengthy discourses on the relative merits of her own creed compared with certain others. She feels an interest in John's spiritual welfare, and after vainly trying to convince him of the absurdity of his religion, she offers him a tract (forgetting that he cannot be expected to read it), which he eyes with an expression of in-

nocent wonder, which, changing to one of sudden comprehension, he said: "Me no likee nat kind me makee one heap good," and tearing off a piece of the brown paper in his basket, he produced from some mysterious pocket a bag of "fine cut," a portion of which he dexterously rolled into it in the form of a cigarette, and, with guileless gravity, laid it in the lap of her ladyship, saying: "Me no sabe long time."

With such a look of horror as we bestow upon a worm that creeps too near, she shook the hapless cigarette from her dress, amid the suppressed merriment of the other inmates of the car.

After the grandeur of the mountains we have passed, these dry plains seem rather commonplace, and the monotony is rendered less endurable by the wretched water we have to drink, or which we do not drink. Our parched throats and smarting eyes prevent our enjoying the few objects of interest that occasionally present themselves. Half-sleeping, half-waking, we dream of cool, green meadows, fringed with graceful willows that bend their veil-like branches to kiss the laughing brook. We hear the gentle lowing of the bovine mother, as she stands knee-deep in the cool, sluggish stream among flags and rushes. We hear the trickling of the water as it falls from the overflowing bucket into the well at the old homestead, and smell the sweet perfume of the damp clover-blossoms just beyond. We see a spring by the wayside, the stones are slippery and moss-grown, a long, straight-handled gourd hangs on a peg driven in the stony wall; we reach forward to seize it, and quench our burning thirst, when, oh, misery! we are recalled to our unhappy condition by a smart bump on the forehead, which in some inexplicable manner came in contact with the next seat.

But now the dullness of the landscape is relieved by a range of low, arid hills, which gradually verge into mountains, and presently a great wall of rocks and earth rises far above us. Here and there little streams of water come trickling down from a spring whose source is hidden high up among the mossy boulders; merrily they flow from ledge to ledge, as if in very tantalization of our thirst. At last our train lags, stops, and we hear the blessed sound of flowing water; simultaneously we snatch our tin-cups and rush out in search of the precious beverage. We find a miniature waterfall dashing at our very feet, clear as crystal and cool as ice-water. We fill every available pitcher, cup, and even empty fruit-cans, with the liquid treasure, and as we move on our car presents a scene of confused and merry enjoyment, in striking contrast to the dull apathy that reigned before. What appetites we have acquired; our lunch which we thought ample to last the entire trip, has disappeared long ago, and at each stopping-place our male attendants are seen *en masse*, wending their way to the nearest grocery or bakery, and return laden with various edibles. Somewhere among these mountains a woman came in with apple-pies which she said "were good as your mothers made." And how delicious they were! Flaky crust, and real

juicy green apples! They vanished like the traditional hot-cakes, and she soon returned with a fresh supply. I trust those pies will be remembered by all our party, so much did we appreciate every trivial enjoyment, especially those that gratified the comfort of "the inner man."

The beautiful pines that grow among the Sierra Nevada Mountains, give them a more cheerful aspect than the Rocky, and as we ascend them, breathlessly we gaze at their majesty. Though we grow dizzy and tremulous at sight of the frightful precipices and yawning chasms, yet we cannot withdraw our gaze. Hour after hour magnificent pictures wheel past us, in endless infinite succession, yet never becoming tedious because of their surpassing beauty. The air is filled with a peculiar odor—a kind of aroma of mountain pines, mingled with the perfume of a thousand unknown plants that thronged the underbrush. Our tired and aching eyes at last reconcile us to the coming darkness, and this last night we are lulled to sleep by the creaking and moaning of the machinery, as if lamenting the necessity that compelled their service, and morning finds us in California.

California! magic word, fraught with so many hopes and aspirations, so many unfulfilled dreams of the treasures of the land of gold. What has thou in store for us?

H. B.

**DISCONCERTING AN ADVOCATE.**—Curran had a sensitiveness in public speaking which often hindered his success. He was painfully affected by any mark of inattention in his audience. If any one fell asleep, or stared vacantly about the room, his eloquence began to flag, and much of his power was lost.

This fact became so well known at last, that some of the eminent advocates opposed to him, resorted to unworthy tricks to help their clients. If they saw that Curran was particularly eloquent, and was carrying the jury with him, they would hire some man to go into the court-room, and, sitting near Curran, to show signs of weariness by visible and loud yawning. The stratagem rarely failed of success. His eloquence would forsake him; he would falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

**"HARDENING" CHILDREN.**—The system of "hardening" children, by allowing them to go thinly clad and exposing them to all sorts of weather, is a delusion from which the minds of some parents are even now not altogether free. It is thought that, if the little ones' chests are kept warm, there is no need of caring about their arms and legs. But that is a great mistake. In proportion as the upper and lower extremities are well clothed will the circulation be kept up and determined to the surface of those parts, and in proportion to the quickness and equable distribution of the circulation will be the protection against those internal congestions which are but the first stage of the most fatal diseases of childhood. The same observation holds good with respect to grown-up people who are predisposed to pulmonary complaints.

## EXCERPTS FROM "SIR GIBBIE," BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHEREVER there is a humble, thoughtful nature, into that nature the divine consciousness, that is, the Spirit of God, presses as into its own place.

THE man who loves most will love best. The man who thoroughly loves God and his neighbor, is the only man who will love a woman ideally—who can love her with the love God thought of between them when he made them male and female. The man, I repeat, who loves God with his very life, and his neighbor as Christ loves him, is the man who alone is capable of grand, glorious love to any woman.

IF men would but believe that they are in the process of creation, and consent to be made—let the Maker handle them as the potter his clay, yielding themselves in respondent motion, and submissive, hopeful action with the turning of His wheel, they would ere long find themselves able to welcome every pressure of that hand upon them, even when it was felt in pain, and sometimes not only to believe but to recognize the divine end in view, the bringing of a son into glory; whereas, behaving like children who struggle and scream while their mother washes and dresses them, they find they have to be washed and dressed notwithstanding, and with more discomfort; they may even have to find themselves set half-naked, and but half-dried, in a corner, to come to their right minds and ask to be finished.

NO WORK noble or lastingly good can come of emulation any more than of greed. I think the motives are spiritually the same. To excite it is worthy only of the commonplace school-master, who is ambitious to show what fine scholars he can turn out, that he may get more pupils. Emulation is the devil-shadow of aspiration. The set of the current in the schools is at present toward a boundless swamp, but the wise among the scholars see it, and wisdom is the tortoise which shall win the race. In the meantime, how many, with the legs and the brain of the hare, will think they are gaining it, while they are losing things whose loss will make any prize unprized.

IT is a ruinous misjudgment that the end of poetry is publication. Its true end is to help the man who makes it along the path to truth; help for other people, may or may not be in it; that, if it become a question at all, must be an after one. To the man who has it, the gift is invaluable, and in proportion as it helps him to be a better man, it is of value to the whole world. But it may, in itself, be so nearly worthless, that the publishing of it would be more for harm than good. Ask any one who has to perform the unenviable duty of editor of a magazine; he will corroborate what I say—that the quantity of verse good enough to be its own reward, but without the smallest claim to be uttered to the world, is enormous.

LENOX DARE:  
THE WOMAN SHE WAS.\*

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning Lenox Dare was out in the orchard. It was a grand old place, stocked with the finest fruit-trees in the county, and spreading for acres over a broad, southern slope of hill.

Lenox had loved the old orchard from the time when she first came to Briarswild. Her favorite resort here was a corner close to the stone wall, under an ancient tree whose branches stretched a wide, green roof over her, and dipped their burdens of ripened fruit into the deep grass. There was a long, low bench here, on which the girl could lie and gaze down the slow incline of the land. She could see the long vistas of mossy trunks, the play of shadows, the witchcraft of sunlight. It was one of those places that would have been certain to fascinate a painter if he could have come some summer morning and sat down by Lenox Dare in the shadow of the old tree that had whitened with the blossoms of a hundred Mays. Sitting there and gazing down into the heart of that still loveliness, he could not have failed to think of dim old Gothic aisles, and great vaulted arches, where sweet strains of music rose, and floated, and died away at last in tender raptures, like voices that sink into Heaven.

But this morning Lenox Dare, stretched at full length on the low bench, had no thought to spare for the long, green vistas that sloped down into the heart of the orchard. She did not know that the light and shadows were making the loveliest tapestries all around her. The robins sang, and the insects hummed dreamily about her; but she was wholly absorbed in a book she had brought with her.

The air had cooled during the night, and a light breeze was stirring in the tops of the branches. The girl in the shadows of the great tree read on. Through the still brooding midsummer morning, there came no whisper to her that she had reached a great turning-point in her destiny. An hour was striking now which she could not hear, but which signaled to the watching fates that she had reached the turning of the roads.

"There is a gentleman in the parlor has asked to see you, ma'am."

Lenox looked up from her book, and saw the girl standing there, who, after searching the house over, had come to the orchard in quest of her.

It was anything but agreeable tidings. There was not a man in the world whom Lenox regarded worth leaving her book for at that particular moment. It was dreadfully aggravating, she thought. Why had he appeared just as she had reached the thrilling climax of her story!

"Who is he? What does the creature want?" she asked, in a vexed tone, as she scrambled off from the bench and shook out her rumpled dress.

The girl could give her no information, as she was herself freshly imported from a neighboring county, and had been only a week at Briarswild. Mrs. Mavis and Ben were away for the morning. Lenox had no choice but to go.

The walk from the orchard to the house gradually restored the girl's good humor. As she mounted the steps of the side piazza, she took off her shade-hat, and half her hair, carelessly gathered at the back, tumbled after it. She brushed the dark, shining masses behind her ears, vexed at the accident, and not dreaming what a background it made for the delicate, girlish face. The heat had brought a glow into her cheeks that usually lacked the bloom of their age. She wore a white dress—she remembers it to this day—and partly because she loved color, and partly for girlish caprice, she had tied a bright scarlet scarf around her waist that morning.

As Lenox crossed the parlor threshold, she saw a stranger standing by the window. He turned as she entered. He was a slender man, a little above medium height, with striking, delicate features. He was probably a little past fifty. His beard was white, and his dark hair was deeply threaded with gray. His complexion was sallow, like that of one who had been ill, or dwelt long in southern latitudes. The eyes, under well-arched brows, were of a bright, piercing gray. He wore a dark traveling-suit. One would have seen at the first glance that he was a gentleman.

Lenox stood still a moment in mute surprise. The stranger was silent, too; but the gaze of those piercing gray eyes seemed to devour the girlish figure on the threshold. What an eager, riveted look it was! It seemed for the moment to absorb the man's whole soul—to take away the power or the will to speak. One might fancy he would have looked like that had some ghost from the dead stood in the doorway.

Lenox was naturally shy with strangers. Her cheeks grew scarlet under that breathless stare. She felt a strange thrill of uneasiness, as though the air about her was burdened with some mystery. Involuntarily she moved forward a step, and, grasping her shade-hat a little nervously with both hands, said: "I was told you inquired for Lenox Dare."

The stranger seemed to listen a moment before he spoke. One might fancy again something in the voice struck him as an old, familiar sound.

Then he moved forward a step, and spoke. His voice was usually clear and pleasant, but just now it was husky and broken.

"Yes; I asked for Lenox Dare, and Evelyn Apthorp seems to have risen before me!"

"That was my mother's name!" cried Lenox, forgetting everything else now. "Oh, sir, did you know her?"

"My child, did you ever hear of Tom Apthorp?" And as he asked this the stranger drew nearer.

"He was my mother's brother," Lenox answered. "He went to India, and died there, before I can remember."

"No, he did not die there, as you have been told.

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My child, I am your mother's brother, Tom Apthorp!"

For a moment the room whirled about Lenox. She grew very pale. Then she gave a long, gasping cry, half of pain and half of joy. A new feeling awoke in her soul. The mysterious bond of kin drew her mightily toward this man.

And he—his arms were around her the next moment—he was kissing her, while the tears shone in his eyes, on his silver beard; he was calling her his darling, the daughter of his long-lost Evelyn!

Three hours later, Mrs. Mavis and Ben returned. No words can depict their amazement when Lenox met them at the door, her face radiant with happiness, leaning on the arm of the distinguished-looking stranger, whom she introduced as Uncle Tom, her mother's brother—not risen from the dead, but come from the Indies, after more than twenty years' absence.

Tom Apthorp had been an only son, a handsome, promising youth, a good deal spoiled by his parents. He had barely got through college when his father died, and Tom, not coming into possession of a fortune, as he anticipated, went into business. Ten years later, he suddenly sold out his interest in the house where he had been the youngest partner, and went to Calcutta, where he entered the India trade.

Young Apthorp was a little over thirty at that time, and his sister Evelyn, his only living relative, a good many years his junior, had just married her brother's old classmate.

Tom had left his native land a disappointed and rather embittered man. The woman whom he loved had failed him at the last, sacrificing herself to the ambitions of her family, and wedding a richer suitor. Tom felt, with good reason, that the older members of his firm had not sufficiently regarded his interests, and he made up his mind to "burn his ships behind him, and challenge fate in a foreign land."

In less than five years, Tom Apthorp heard of his sister's death, and a little later of his brother-in-law's. Evelyn's loss was a great blow to him, for he had been extremely fond of her, and young Dare had been more to him than any other man in the world. With their deaths, he lost all inclination for a speedy visit to his native shores. He meant to return sometime, of course, and see Evelyn's little orphan daughter—his only living relative—but there was always some good reason why he should postpone the long journey to a more favorable time. His business held him; and the years slipped rapidly away. The indolence superinduced by the climate and luxurious habits, grew on him. He became ambitious to build up a great fortune; not that he was avaricious—he was two generous and kindly-souled to be that—but the pursuit of wealth had its fascinations for him.

Meanwhile, he had no idea of the condition of his orphan niece. Had he known the real state of affairs, Tom Apthorp would have hastened to the ends of the earth to find her. But he had the impression that the child was tenderly sheltered in the home of her

father's relatives. He knew she had gone to these when her parents died. It never crossed the man's mind that Evelyn's orphan daughter might need his care or his money. He took for granted that the child had inherited a moderate fortune from her father. He contented himself with writing home several times, but his letters met with ill fate. For more than half a score of years, Tom Apthorp had said to himself: "I must get off to America next year and hunt up my poor Evelyn's little girl!"

At last one of the fevers of the climate seized him; brought him to the borders of the grave. In the slow, weary convalescence which followed, the old, long dead memories came to life; the scenes and faces of his boyhood and youth rose fresh and vivid as though they belonged to yesterday, and the face that came oftenest and lingered longest, was that of the beautiful dead sister who had been the idol of Tom Apthorp's youth.

He was a boy again—this man whose prime of life was slipping from him in that gorgeous, luxurious life of the Indies; he was in the happy old home in the pleasant New England town; he was chasing Evelyn's bright face through the old rooms; he heard once more the ring of her joyous laughter; he was walking with her in the old, tree-shaded garden, while she bloomed into lovely maidenhood, and he was telling her stories of his college life, and she was listening in eager sympathy to the hopes and dreams of his opening manhood.

Tom Apthorp realized for the first time in his life that he was a lonely man. His fortune, his many friends—for he was extremely popular in the foreign society of Calcutta—could not disguise that fact.

In this mood, his thoughts naturally reverted to the orphan child of his dead sister; that young girl, the last of his race, the only kin he had on earth. He grew curious and anxious about her; he counted up her birthdays, and found, to his amazement, that she was on the threshold of womanhood. He had always regarded her as the merest child. His long indifference to her welfare struck Tom Apthorp for the first time; he saw he had treated his dead Evelyn's daughter, his solitary little kinswoman, with cruel neglect. The man's heart and conscience awoke together. In the still nights, in the slow-wearing days, he brooded over the matter, and at last he made a solemn resolution that, as soon as his health admitted of a sea-voyage, he would sail for America and see his niece.

But while the man was laying his plans in his sick-room, very serious reverses had befallen his house in the India trade. Its old name and its high credit carried it through a commercial panic which bore down many a smaller house; but when the worst was over, Tom Apthorp saw that his dream of building up a princely fortune would never be realized. It did not seem of so much consequence now as it did in the pride and strength of a few months before. His health was a good deal broken; his physicians insisted on change of climate and freedom from business. He was still a tolerably rich man. The settle-



ment of his affairs detained him at the East some time after his recovery; but he never for an instant lost sight of the purpose he had formed in his illness.

Tom Apthorp sailed first for England, where he rested only a few days before he took passage for America. He reached New York after an absence of twenty-two years. He set out almost immediately for the old home of Colonel Marvell. Here the man learned tidings which filled him with dismay. For the first time he heard the fate of his brother's fortune, of the marriage of the old man in his second childhood, and of his death a year afterward. So Evelyn Apthorp's daughter had been thrown a penniless orphan upon the world.

Tom Apthorp set out for Cherry Hollows with feelings not to be envied. He had heard that Colonel Marvell's housekeeper had married a second time, and taken the little girl with her to the home at the toll-gate. It was easy to imagine what her lot would be in the power of a soured, selfish, narrow-souled woman.

Tom Apthorp did not, however, reach Cherry Hollows. A few miles from the town, the man who was driving him across the country encountered an old acquaintance, a farmer, who proved to be a neighbor of the Cranes. When he learned the stranger's relation to Lenox Dare, he indulged in one long, amazed stare, and then, drawing up his team as near the other's as the narrow road permitted, he began to talk in a high-keyed, rasping voice.

After a good deal of long-winded gossip, he imparted to his eager listener the story of Lenox's flight three years before to Briarswild. From that time, he averred, the neighbors had lost sight of her, although there was a general impression that the girl's fortunes had immensely bettered with her change of homes.

"Take the shortest road to Briarswild," shouted the traveler to the amazed driver.

Two hours later, Lenox's uncle was awaiting her in Mrs. Mavis's parlor.

Mrs. Mavis and Ben could not fail to share Lenox's joy. Her uncle's advent seemed almost as marvelous as though one had risen from the dead. At the dinner-table, where the four assembled, and did not rise until the summer afternoon had almost waned, they heard the story of Tom Apthorp's long residence at the Indies; of his late dangerous illness, which had awakened in him an unappeasable longing to behold the face of his orphan niece; of the resolution he had formed to seek her at once, and how he had carried it out in the teeth of every obstacle.

While they all listened in breathless silence to this story, Mrs. Mavis and Ben watched the play of the stranger's features. A flash in his countenance at times, reminded them of Lenox. The family look was there—not always apparent, but coming to the surface with certain expressions, and in moments of strong feeling.

The stranger's advent at the Mavis farm had all the charm and mystery of romance, not only to his young, imaginative kinswoman, but to the more

practical natures of the woman who had mothered her, of the youth who was in secret her lover.

The man's presence, too, was an element of fresh life and pleasure in the household. He was familiar with the world; he had a wonderful facility of making himself at home in any society where he was thrown. He impressed one at once as no ordinary man. But perhaps nothing charmed his present audience quite so much as the stories he related of his life at the East, of that mysterious, gorgeous Asiatic world out of which he had so lately come. There were times when his fascinated hearers seemed almost to catch the hum of mighty cities, to see the spacious streets along which the natives glided in their loose-flowing, picturesque robes, and with their stealthy, eastern tread.

It was no wonder he charmed his small audience. Tom Apthorp had, among people of the highest cultivation, a reputation for his conversational gifts—for his powers of vivid, pictorial description.

The man, in his turn, was charmed with that restful home-life among the hills. He was a good deal world-wearyed and shaken in health. In some moods, it seemed to him that he would be content to stay forever in this sheltered, soft-lined home-nest, and pass the rest of his days in dreaming indolence, like the mariners that never drew anchor from the golden shores of lotus-land.

But the lightest heart at Briarswild was, at this time, the youngest one. The tie of kindred was like a new, priceless treasure in Lenox's life. Had not the heart of her childhood gone famished for lack of this family-love that had come to her at last from the ends of the earth? How proud and happy the girl seemed in these days!

Mrs. Mavis told Ben it was a real pleasure to hear Lenox say "Uncle Tom." The very name seemed to acquire some new, beautiful meaning on her lips. Then, with what kindling eyes, what tender, absorbed attention, she hung upon his words—his very looks even!

If Lenox had felt any shyness at the beginning, it soon vanished under the perfect kindness of her uncle's manner. In his own ways he drew out the fresh, young soul; he sounded its depths, he guarded its capacities, he discerned its possibilities.

And Lenox frolicked and sparkled about her uncle as though she had known him all her life; she plied him with eager questions, whose simplicity often amused, and whose acuteness often amazed him.

To the two who watched the uncle and niece day by day, there was no doubt that Tom Apthorp soon grew immensely fond of the girl. He did not like to have her out of his sight, unless it might be when he desired to have a private talk with Mrs. Mavis or Ben regarding her past. For, painful as the subject evidently was to him, he was still resolved to know all the facts of Lenox's history; and he drew from Mrs. Mavis a full recital of the way in which she first came to them. His remorse over that pitiful tale was so great that the tender-hearted woman tried to comfort him.

"Don't attempt to excuse me, Mrs. Mavis," he burst out in the middle of her speech. "I have acted like a monster! I can only say I had no idea what I was doing, or failing to do, all this time."

The man's gratitude to Mrs. Mavis and her son was inexpressible. Had it not been for them, he might have come too late, and found Lenox done to death by the slow torture of the factory, or an out-cast—he dared not finish the thought. But sometimes the girl, looking suddenly up in his face, would find the piercing gray eyes bent on her with an expression she could not fathom. It was partly grief and partly tenderness. What could Uncle Tom be thinking about? she wondered; and she would go up to him and clap her hands on his shoulder in a way that made him think of a dove's soft wings nestling there.

"Uncle Tom" was at this time having thoughts and plans about Lenox which would have startled her immensely had she in the least suspected them. She had become in these few days the central interest of the man's life—the object about which his affections and ambitions would in future revolve. He spent hours by himself in devising a brilliant programme for her future. He resolved that she should have every opportunity for developing the rare graces and gifts with which nature had endowed her. She should see the world, he said to himself. She should have every advantage which the best culture and the widest travel could afford her. The man congratulated himself that he had sufficient means to carry out all these projects, though he had missed the princely fortune which had been his dream for years. No doubt remorse for his previous neglect had a powerful influence in shaping Tom Apthorp's plans for the future of the niece who had dawned on him first a great surprise, who soon became the priceless treasure of his heart.

The consciousness that he had failed her through so many critical years, must always rankle in the breast of the proud man. But he found some consolation in reflecting that it was not too late to make up for the past. Lenox's future was all before her. Under his fostering care, that fine mind, that rich imagination, should unfold into gracious womanhood. He saw, too—this critical man of the world, used to the society of fascinating women of all lands—the slow-dawning promise of Lenox's beauty.

"The splendid-eyed, graceful-limbed creature!" he said to himself. "What a beauty she is going to make one of these days! It is the sort of flower that comes late to its perfect blossoming—all the finer for that!"

Two weeks from the day on which Tom Apthorp came to Briarswild, he and Lenox went to walk in the orchard. She had taken him, frequently accompanied by Ben Mavis, to most of her favorite haunts; but this afternoon the two were alone together. The uncle had something to say to his niece; he had been waiting for a fitting time. It seemed to have come now.

They reached the ancient apple-tree by the low

stone wall. All the way from the house Lenox had been sparkling and talking by the man's side.

"This is my favorite corner of the old orchard," she said. "I was here with a book the morning you came. I had just reached the fascinating climax of my story; and I was dreadfully vexed when the girl brought me a message from the house. I have hardly glanced inside a book since you came, Uncle Tom," and she glanced up, half-tenderly, half-archly, in his face.

He looked down fondly on the beautifully-shaped head, with its crown of darkly-bright hair, just above his shoulder.

"So I spoiled your book that day, did I, Lenox? I've spoiled other books since. My dear, uncles are a dreadfully tiresome set of old fellows! You will find that out before long."

While he said this, they had seated themselves on the low bench among the cool, wavering shadows.

"You precious Uncle Tom!" exclaimed Lenox, and with a sudden impulse of the young heart that overflowed toward him with love, and pride, and joy, she wound her arm about his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "You are worth all the books in the world!"

He understood just how great a compliment that was. Few things about Lenox had more amazed her uncle than the extent and character of her reading.

But his look was very grave as he answered: "My poor child, you have little cause to say that!" Then, before she could reply he continued, "During these days I have been revolving some thoughts and plans in my mind, about which I would not speak until they were all quite clear to me. They concern you, Lenox—they involve all your future."

She looked startled, for the words were sufficiently impressive and the tone made them solemn. I cannot here repeat Tom Apthorp's words, I can only relate their substance as Lenox did, long after, to me. At that time he laid before the astonished girl the plans which he had so lately formed for her. What offers he made, what glowing pictures he painted for her future! He would take her abroad with him, he would show her the world, she should see its great cities, its grand cathedrals, its stately palaces. They would visit the most famous picture-galleries, the sublimest and loveliest scenery, the points of richest historical association in northern and southern Europe. She should have the best masters in the languages, and the best society of every land they visited. His long residence in the East had given him a world-wide acquaintance, and he had friends and influence that would afford them access to any social circles they might desire to enter.

They would travel slowly so as to gather the bloom of things wherever they sojourned. He had money enough to indulge any reasonable wish either might form. There was no need of being in a hurry, Lenox was young and life was before her. He told her, too, in few words, but all the stronger for their briefness, how he would watch over her young life,

how he would shield it from every harm, how her comfort and happiness should be the supreme care of his life.

And all the time he was talking the leaves of the great apple-tree stirred dreamily overhead, and the dim sunshine dappled the great shadows at their feet.

I suppose no young girl standing where Lenox Dare did, just on the threshold of maidenhood, could have listened to such words as she listened that summer afternoon and not have been greatly stirred by them.

Lenox had sat quite still, her lips parted, her breath hovering on them; but as her uncle went on, her whole soul thrilled, her great, dilated eyes burned, her face flushed with joy and anticipation. What a future it was that opened before her! How eager she was to go out and meet it—to see the glory and beauty of the world!

She was about to speak when she started suddenly, the light which had kindled in her face went down, a shadow crept into her eyes.

"But, Uncle Tom, must I leave Mrs. Mavis and Ben?" she asked.

"I suppose there would be no help for that, Lenox. They could hardly go with us. But I give you my word that you shall come back and see them, whenever you desire it."

Lenox sat quite still after he had spoken. Her thoughts had suddenly gone away from that hour to another—it was the night when she first came to Briarswild. Again she stood at the gate, her breath gone, her brain on fire, her limbs trembling with the terrible walk of the day. Again she watched with wistful, longing eyes the light as it shone out from the hall and showed her Ben Mavis's figure while he stood there and gazed up at the gray clouds of the summer night. Again she heard his first words of dismay as he recognized her—his swift, pitying welcome that followed. Again she saw his mother's tender face as it first bent over her, again she felt the touch of the soft arms as they closed about her.

Lenox had, in answer to her uncle's questions, fully described to him her life at Cherry Hollows, but she had always avoided any allusion to her last days at the toll-gate or to her flight from it.

The whole subject was so distressing that she dreaded for her uncle's sake to approach it, while for her own she feared to recall that time. But Lenox felt quite assured that Mrs. Mavis had related all the circumstances of her first appearance at Briarswild. This conviction was only strengthened by the fact that, in all their talks together, her uncle maintained an absolute silence regarding the most momentous event of her life.

He, too, had been silent, watching for some time the delicate, half-averted face over which the shadows of the apple-leaves flickered. At last he leaned forward.

"What are you thinking about, Lenox?" he asked.

She turned and faced him with steady eyes. The flush in her cheeks had paled. What a resolute line had come about the mouth. This was a side of Lenox her uncle had never seen before.

"If I were to go away, Mrs. Mavis and Ben would miss me," she said. "I know them. It would grieve their hearts."

"But, Lenox," said her uncle, in the kindly, reasoning tone with which one might answer the rash, generous impulse of a child, "do you expect to stay here always? Do you mean to give up all your life to these people?"

His question went to the quick with her. All that "these people" had been to her, all that she owed them, rose up in a moment to Lenox Dare. An instant later she stood, with her pale face and her flashing eyes before her uncle. At that moment, she would have reminded one of the way she looked when Guy Fosdick came up to meet her in the moonlight on the beach.

"I remember what I was when I came to them," she said, and her low, shaken voice grew clearer and steadier as she went on. "I was a lonely, desolate, broken-hearted orphan girl when I sank faint on their threshold. In all the world, I had no friend to succor me, no roof to shelter me. I had fled from a life that was more terrible than death to me. And they"—there was a little pause, a sob in her throat, but she mastered it—"they took me at once, a stranger, into their home, into their hearts. How their love and care nursed me back to life and happiness! How I learned, for the first time, what a mother's love meant, what a brother's care could be! Think what they have done for me in all these years! Think where, had it not been for them, you might have come at last to find me! O Uncle Tom, I was your dead sister's orphan girl, the last of your kin, and you forgot me! You left me to the cold charity, to the harshness and cruelty of strangers. You knew what the world could be to such as I left all alone in it—you knew what fiends lay in wait for the young and the helpless. If you had come sooner, Uncle Tom, I would have gone with you to the ends of the earth, but you have found me too late. I thank you for all your splendid offers, but if you gave me the world, I could not take it now, I could not go away from Mrs. Mavis and Ben!"

There were times when Lenox Dare's face had the look of her mother. This was one of them. She had scarcely known what she said. In the midst of the awful memories and the passion of gratitude which possessed her, her words had been like a cry forced from her heart to her lips. In her moments of strongest feeling there was a grand power in this young girl. We have seen the effect it had on Guy Fosdick; how it had penetrated through all his pride and self-conceit to some courage and manliness at bottom; how it had made him cast aside for the time the habits and influences of a life, and worked a change in him that was almost like a miracle.

Lenox's power at these rare moments was due partly to the intensity of the feelings and convictions which mastered her. Her pale, young face, her clear, solemn tones made her seem almost like a sorrowful, accusing angel.

But Tom Apthorp felt at that moment as though

his dead sister stood before him. He saw her eyes, he heard her reproachful tones in her child's. His lips trembled, he was a proud man, he covered his face with his hands. "O Evelyn! Evelyn!" he cried.

The next moment Lenox's arms were around his neck.

"O uncle, what have I said! I didn't mean to accuse *you*!" she exclaimed.

In a moment he lifted his head. His keen, gray eyes gazed at her with a tenderness, touched with remorse, that hurt her.

"Don't reproach yourself, my child!" he said. "You have only spoken the truth."

"I had no right to say what I did, Uncle Tom. It seemed to come of itself."

"I know that, my child. Do you suppose my conscience has not said all you did to me? Do you suppose that the consciousness of my long failure toward you will not rankle to my latest hour?"

She looked shocked and pitiful at that. She would have tried to comfort him; but he was not the sort of man to make that easy. While she sat quite silent, he rose, bent down, kissed her forehead tenderly, and then, without speaking a word, went away and left her in the summer afternoon under the shadows of the old apple-tree.

Those who knew Tom Aphorpe were aware that he seldom gave up a matter on which he had set his heart. He made in his niece's hearing no further allusion to the plans he had formed for her future, but he did not in the least relinquish them. He was perhaps more bent on carrying them out, after the talk they had had in the orchard. So far as possible, he told himself, he would make up for his failure in the past. He would prove to his niece, to himself, that he had not come too late to make her womanhood something gladder and richer than it could ever have been without him. This became the fixed determination, the central passion of the man. As he revolved his plans he saw the important aid that Mrs. Mavis and her son could render him at this crisis. If he took them into his confidence, if he once secured their influence on his side, he did not doubt but Lenox could, in the end, be prevailed on to leave them for awhile. He felt confident, too, that he could set before them, in such a light, the importance to Lenox's future of the change he proposed in her life, that they would consent to the separation, whatever pain it might cost them. He made up his mind to broach the subject first to young Mavis.

Lenox's uncle had expressed great surprise and delight at the perfect way in which she managed her horse. This was largely due, as we have seen, to young Mavis's training. When the elder man learned the share Dainty had borne in his niece's fortunes, he never let a day go by without visiting the stall, where the creature soon learned to recognize his step, almost as quickly as she did that of her young mistress.

Late one afternoon, Ben Mavis, alighting from his

horse at the stable door, met Lenox's uncle. They went up toward the house together. As they reached the gate which opened from the large garden into the back yard, Mr. Aphorpe touched Ben's arm.

"Let us go back," he said. "I want to have a private talk with you."

It was singular that young Mavis felt at that moment a secret reluctance to turning back, as though something disagreeable awaited him; but he could not refuse the other's request. The path, heavily bordered on either side with currant and raspberry-bushes, stretched long and straight before them. The sun was going down over the distant hills. To this day, Ben remembers all that, and how he braced himself, as a man might who expects a blow.

Young Mavis had had from the first an instinct that the appearance of Lenox's uncle boded him no good. He had tried to rid himself of this feeling. The two men had been thrown a great deal together, and Ben had yielded to the charm of the elder man's society. Lenox's uncle had the most cordial liking for the young fellow, apart from any grateful sense of all he owed to him.

Ben Mavis was such a manly fellow, so kind-hearted; he had such keen humor, with such sturdy good sense, that it was impossible not to feel drawn toward him. Yet, if Tom Aphorpe had had the faintest idea to what test he was about to put that brave, generous young soul, he would not have talked as he did in the shadowy, fruit-scented old garden that afternoon. The elder man linked his arm in the younger's.

"My dear young Mavis," he began, "I am going to take you into my confidence—to tell you of a plan on which I have set my heart, but which I shall never attempt to carry out unless I have your assent—the promise, indeed, of your hearty co-operation."

"I shall be glad to serve you, Mr. Aphorpe," answered Ben, looking at the man with his clear, honest eyes. "But I am wholly in the dark as to your meaning."

In the next half hour, Ben knew. When he first caught sight of the other's drift, his heart gave a single bound, and then sank like lead. The elder had all the talking to himself. He laid open his whole plans regarding his niece; he showed their immense importance to all her future; he related the scene which had occurred three days before in the orchard, and he concluded: "My dear fellow, you see now I am at a standstill. I shall never move another step in this matter without you consent to help me. It would be hopeless, on my part, to attempt to shake Lenox's determination not to leave you. Indeed, I have neither the heart nor the will to do that. I would not, if I could, take her away without your consent and your mother's. You have a far higher right in her than any I can lay claim to. What is our tie of kindred but a perpetual reproach to me!" And he spoke now with exceeding bitterness, and ground his heel into the gravel.

Ben looked off at the sun hanging just above the pines on the crest of the distant hill. It seemed as



though a cold shadow had fallen over all the pleasant landscape. He could not at once bring himself to reflect on the consequences of what Mr. Aphthorp proposed. What would the days be—what the home—the world itself, if Lenox were to go away from them?

But he put that thought away, with a kind of blind instinct that he must conceal his real feeling from this man, and he answered almost at random: "It will hurt my mother cruelly to part with Lenox."

"I am certain of that, Ben," answered Mr. Aphthorp. "I have gone over the whole ground many times. That explains my coming to you now. You know your influence over your mother—her faith in your judgment. If you were first to broach the subject, if you brought her to look at the matter in the light of its advantages to Lenox, you might prevail upon her to consent to a temporary separation."

Ben was silent. He knew his mother's heart.

"You see how the matter stands now, my dear fellow," Mr. Aphthorp continued in a moment or two. "I leave it entirely in your hands. Lenox's fate rests now with you. I give you my word I shall never attempt to take her from Briarswild unless you aid me."

At that moment the supper-bell rang. It was a relief to Ben.

"Give me a little time to think this over, Mr. Aphthorp," he said, and the two men turned and went up to the house together.

The night which followed, dragged its slow, wakeful hours over young Mavis. Through all the long watches, those words of Lenox's uncle kept repeating themselves like the endless ticking of a clock, like the regular fall of waves on a beach—"Her fate rests in your hands!"

Could he let her go out of his life, he asked himself, just as he had learned she was the heart of all its joy and gladness? What would the mornings be without the sound of her voice? What the long days? What the drearier evenings? For he loved Lenox Dare—this brave young fellow—with all the pure passion and all the loyal strength of his young manhood. And it was the heart of the lover which spoke now, which pleaded for its dearest life.

But the heart of the lover could not warp the native good sense of the man. Ben saw perfectly all the benefit Lenox would derive from going abroad with her uncle. The time had come when it would be vastly for her interest to leave Briarswild.

Ben's love made him, at this time, keen to forecast the future. He was honest enough, generous enough, too, to admit all that side of Lenox's nature which was superior to his own. As he had told her in the pine woods, he was perfectly aware he could not hold himself to the level of her thought, of her imagination. If she went out into the world, if she enjoyed all its finest opportunities for culture, if she saw its choicest society, if she met its grand men—men of noble intellect and polished manners—would not she, so keenly alive to all goodness and beauty, be impressed and charmed? Would not her standards

change, her tastes become exacting? Would not he suffer by the contrast—he, a very common-place fellow at best, brought up in a back-woods town?

But here the pride, the sturly self-respect of the young fellow, made itself felt through the lover's jealous fears. Was he fallen so low as that? it asked. Could he bring himself to hold back the woman of his love from the best and highest, because, seeing that for herself, he feared she might not choose him above all men? Would not Lenox's presence at Briarswild be hereafter a thing not to be borne—a perpetual reminder of his selfishness?

So his passion and his pride pleaded alternately. So they pleaded for days and nights that followed. And all the time Mr. Aphthorp's speech about Lenox's fate resting in his hands, haunted the air and saddened the summer days. He was so grave that Lenox rallied him at times on his seriousness, and his mother, looking at him with her tender eyes, asked: "What has got into you, Ben?"

Then he would rouse himself, and be witty and gay, as they had hardly ever known him. Nobody suspected the struggle that was going on in the brave young soul.

Tom Aphthorp, man of the world, reader of men as he was, was as thoroughly deceived as the others. Had he suspected the truth, he would never have sought Ben Mavis's aid at this juncture. He would, no doubt, have desired a more ambitious marriage for his niece; but had he seen that the young people were sincerely attached to each other, he probably would not have opposed their union. In his remorse, he would have told himself that it was only right his pride should pay the penalty of his long neglect. He saw, too, that young Mavis was no common man. He had already, in a way, grown fond of him.

Lenox's uncle was, however, gratified that matters stood as they did between the young people. He knew that Lenox's frank, grateful affection for Ben Mavis was not that of a maiden for her lover.

Several days passed—the hardest that had ever fallen into the young man's smooth, prosperous life. Yet one who knew him thoroughly would have had little doubt of the decision to which he would come at last.

One afternoon, when Mr. Aphthorp and his niece had gone out for a drive, Ben Mavis went into his mother's room. To this day, neither could tell how Ben first introduced the subject of Lenox's going abroad. But the young man remembered for years his mother's look when the first notion of his meaning dawned on her.

"O Ben, Ben," she cried out, sharply, "do you mean to say that the man wants to take our little girl away from us—that he has dared to speak of such a thing?"

"But, mother," answered Ben, "you are a reasonable woman. If her uncle can do for Lenox something that we never can—something that will make all her future life larger and happier—ought we to stand in the way? Ought we to keep her here?"

"What can he do for Lenox Dare that we cannot

do as well, or better?" asked Mrs. Mavis, in a half-vexed, half-defiant voice, very unlike her usual chirrupy tones.

Then Ben related the interview in the garden. He dwelt on the splendid opportunities which had been offered to Lenox, and which, if she persisted in refusing them, would hereafter be a matter of life-long regret to her. He showed his mother that the responsibility of the girl's fate rested with them alone. The poor fellow pleaded the more earnestly because his heart was not in the matter.

Mrs. Mavis was not convinced in a single talk; but Ben's arguments had their weight. Other talks followed. Taught by sharp experience, the young man said to himself: "The worst will be in making up her mind to the thing."

One day after dinner, Mr. Apthorp sat reading his paper on the piazza, when young Mavis came up to him and said: "I have done what I could. My mother has promised me nothing. But she will listen now to anything you may choose to say."

Mr. Apthorp acted at once on Ben's suggestion. He and Mrs. Mavis had a long, private talk that afternoon. Other talks followed. The result was easy to foresee. Nobody could question the immense benefit which Lenox would derive from the plans which Mr. Apthorp so adroitly laid before his hostess. He fervently repeated his assurance that he should never move in the matter he had so much at heart unless her friends promised him their entire co-operation. Their claims, as his niece had told him in the orchard, were supreme.

"Claims!" he repeated, in a bitter tone. "What of those had he to make in the face of his long desertion of the girl!"

Mr. Apthorp gained his point. Mrs. Mavis gave her consent to the separation. From that moment, as Ben had foreseen, the worst was over; and her generous soul found a real satisfaction in contemplating the grand future that lay before Lenox.

All this time the young girl had no idea that her fate was hanging in the balance. The talk in the orchard had never again been alluded to by either herself or her uncle. She never for a moment regretted her decision. But it was impossible for the soul and imagination of Lenox Dare not to have been thrilled by her uncle's magnificent offer—impossible for her not to dwell sometimes on all she had put away from her that summer afternoon.

The time came to speak at last. Mrs. Mavis opened the subject; but Ben was there to second her arguments. In requesting his presence at this juncture, Mrs. Mavis had no idea of the cruel pain to which she was subjecting the brave fellow. Had she known the truth, she would have plunged her right hand in the fire sooner than allow Lenox Dare to leave Briarswild.

When Mrs. Mavis first spoke, Lenox started, and looked wildly from mother to son.

"Has Uncle Tom told you anything?" she burst out.

"Everything, Lenox," answered Mrs. Mavis. "We know all about the plans he has made for you—all about your talk in the orchard!"

"And are you willing to have me go away from you?" she asked, with surprise and reproach in her voice.

It was Ben's turn to speak now. He rose and stood before her.

"Lenox," he said, and his voice was steady, and his eyes, bright and calm, gazed at her, "if my mother and I were quite out of the question—if we were out of the world, for instance—what would you say to this grand offer of your uncle's?"

There was a pause. He saw the sudden light that leaped into her face. Mrs. Mavis saw it, too. Lenox had answered before she had spoken.

"But you are in the world! You are the dearest friends I have in it. I will not leave you for anything it can offer me!"

But her look before her words had settled Ben's last doubt. In the talk that followed, he fully sustained his mother. He sometimes took the words from her lips, and set her arguments before Lenox in his calmer man's fashion.

Here, again, the end could easily be foreseen. When the talk was finished, Ben, by a prearranged signal, summoned Mr. Apthorp to the conference. As he entered the room, Lenox went up to him; her cheeks were flushed, the tears were in her eyes; but the lights dazzled through them. She laid her hands on his shoulder.

"Uncle Tom," she said, "they will have it so. I am going to Europe with you!"

A fortnight of hurried preparations followed. Lenox was very busy, and for the most part very happy, in these days. She made farewell-visits to all the old haunts with her uncle or Ben Mavis—sometimes with both of them.

But the days that went swifter than a weaver's shuttle to all the others, dragged slowly to the young man. Now that the wrench must come, he longed to have it over. He laid a terrible task upon heart and soul at this time; but he bore himself so that neither the mother, who idolized him, or the keen-sighted man who spent hours every day in his society, dreamed of what lay at the heart of things for Ben Mavis.

The four went to New York together. It was in early September. They spent a week seeing whatever was worth seeing in the great city; then Mr. Apthorp and his niece sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Mavis and Ben went to the steamer with them. That was the last of the young man's long, cruel test. Lenox clung, sobbing, to Mrs. Mavis at the last moment.

"I shall come back in a year," she said.

Ben doubted that. So did Mr. Apthorp. But the man had solemnly promised that whenever her friends summoned her, Lenox should take the next steamer for America.

The mother and son watched from the pier the great vessel as she passed slowly out of sight. Lenox

stood on the deck by her uncle's side, and waved her last farewells to them.

You and I, reader, will stand also for a moment and watch her—the little girl whom we met first at Cherry Hollow's Glen. How like a fairy-tale her changed fortunes seem! Beyond that blue, dancing sea the old world awaits her. She will see all its glorious treasures, its grandest and loveliest scenes. The wisest care will enwrap her life, the most doting love will encircle her wherever she moves. No wonder her young soul, amid all its grief at parting, leaps at the thought of the land she goes to while her native shores fade dim and gray in the distance.

And as the great steamer fades from our view, you and I, reader, will have to turn and leave Lenox Dare for awhile. Her life has passed now beyond the "turning of the roads." If we meet her again, she will know what the years and the world have taught her—she will be, with God's grace, what the years and the world have made her.

THE END.

### CHARLES LAMB.

SAYS Mr. James T. Field, in one of his articles on "Famous Authors," in the *Youth's Companion*:

I cannot too strongly recommend young people to make acquaintance with the writings of Charles Lamb. Everything published connected with his name is valuable. His letters are models, and rank with the best specimens of epistolary literature in the language.

The "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and his sister Mary, are delightful helps to a better understanding of the plays—the best, in fact, ever prepared for youthful readers. Macaulay used to read them over and over with fresh enthusiasm.

The juvenile works by Lamb and his sister are admirable, and will not stuff the head and starve the heart, like much that is written nowadays for young people. Lamb's poems are full of pure sentiment, expressed sometimes in a very quaint and original manner. Some of his verses once learned can never be obliterated from the memory. In such pieces as "Angel Help," "Herbert" and "The Christening," we recognize a master's hand—not a great master in verse, but a very devout and skillful one. He had that priceless quality of intellect, a capacity for veneration, which is always indicative of superior intelligence.

Lamb's sympathies through life were with the humblest first. He liked chimney-sweeps, especially the young ones, whom he called "innocent blacknesses." He said the little fellows preached a lesson of patience to mankind from their narrow pulpits (the tops of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning.

A lonely, childish man himself, he dearly loved little children. He could not bear to think of them as being trundled off to bed alone at eight o'clock in

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the dark, and he pleads from his heart to have the candle left a-burning until poor nervous Tom and Alice drop fast asleep in their downy cribs.

Homely dwellings and plain hospitality were the magnets that drew him oftenest. Old books, old chairs, old tables, old china, old companions, he loved most to see about him. He used to say, with Shakespeare, "The heavens themselves are old!"

His jests are rememberable oftentimes for their wisdom as well as their fun; as when somebody was discoursing to him one day of the three acids, and he said: "You have not mentioned the best one—assiduity." He said one day of a lady: "She is not an intellectual woman; she is only tinted with intellect." They were speaking once at Proctor's of a person who had gone wrong, and a lady present said, with much feeling: "Oh, where was his guardian angel?" "Maybe, marm," returned Lamb, "he tired him out."

Lamb's lifelong devotion to his poor insane sister Mary is one of the most beautiful traits in the annals of affectionate care. His interest in early life had been strongly drawn toward a sweet young girl, every way worthy of his attachment; but he smothered the feeling in his breast, and resolved that no earthly tie should ever be permanently formed that might interpose a divided duty between him and his unfortunate sister. And so he put aside all thought of happiness in marriage, and lived solely to protect and cherish the stricken woman by his side.

Wordsworth, in his most tender and pathetic lines written after the death of Lamb, says:

"Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!"

And Barry Cornwall, who loved Charles Lamb with undying affection, tells us that "Elia" never "gave pain to a human being, and his genius yielded nothing but instruction and delight."

READING SERMONS.—The Scotch are strong in their prejudice against reading sermons from the pulpit. The late Norman McLeod, however, was so eloquent in his reading that even Scotch antipathy was removed. He once preached in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old lady, overflowing with enthusiasm, said to her neighbor: "Did ye ever hear onything sae gran'? Was na that a sermon?"

But all her expressions of admiration being met with a stolid glance, she shouted: "Speak, woman! Was na that a sermon?"

"Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily; "but he read it."

"Read it!" cried the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had whistled it!"

GARMENTS that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken; such is man's good name once tainted with just reproach.

## THE MOTHER'S TRIP.

"One

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,  
 Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;  
 No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
 In angel instincts, breathing Paradise." TENNYSON.

YOU could scarcely find a sweeter country home, on a long summer day, than "Aspen Cottage," a dwelling deriving its name from "the light quivering aspen" trees that shadowed it with their beautiful boughs. The inmates of the cottage consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Logan, two daughters aged respectively eighteen and twenty, and a son about twelve years old.

Mr. Logan was a kind, upright, energetic man, simple and laborious in his habits, but disposed, like his wife, to be exceedingly indulgent, to his children. He would probably have been equally as indulgent to his wife had she not so long and so sedulously disclaimed the idea of her needing or wishing any recreation or indulgence, that he had come at length to regard it as something out of the question. To describe Mrs. Logan in the fewest words possible, I will merely say she possessed the qualities that cause a woman to diffuse peace and comfort through a household. Her unwearying love and sympathy, and her constant thoughtful ministrations to her family were quiet and unobtrusive as the falling of the dew and equally as refreshing.

I must now give a flying sketch of the daughters. Helen, the oldest, had had many advantages of education and was really an accomplished and cultivated young woman, but she had not yet learned the true end of education, or, in other words, she had not yet learned that "nothing is wisdom which has not relation to use," so as yet she had not learned to apply her accomplishments or culture to any useful end, but drifted on in a rather indolent and aimless life.

Constance, the second daughter, aspired to the rôle of a beauty, and she really was uncommonly pretty, but she spent quite too large a portion of her time in adorning herself and making her clothes with an ultra elaborateness. It will appear to my readers that both these young girls were hopelessly selfish, but their conduct was partly the result of thoughtlessness and partly the result of injudicious parental indulgence, for Mr. and Mrs. Logan, although such a good and sensible couple, had not escaped the spirit of the age which leads parents to subordinate themselves to their children; and besides this, they had lost several children, which made them cling with trembling fondness to the remaining ones. It is indeed the spirit of every age for a mother to spend and be spent for her children, so Mrs. Logan's case was no rare one. She went on patiently and cheerfully, day after day, in a monotonous and laborious round of household duties, unvaried by any change or recreation, everything of this kind being given exclusively to her daughters.

One day in June, Mrs. Logan received a letter from a first cousin and old friend, a maiden lady, Miss Celia Miller, independent alike in character and

in fortune. They had been like sisters in their youth, and though they had been but little together since that time, still they never had lost sight of the old affection, so it was a joyful announcement to Mrs. Logan that her cousin was coming to make her a visit in a few weeks. The conclusion of the letter also threw the girls into a considerable state of excitement. Miss Celia said: "After spending a few weeks with you, I shall go to the sea-shore for the month of August. I always carry a friend with me on my summer excursions, and this year, I wish to carry one from Aspen Cottage."

This passage quite intoxicated the girls, but it perplexed them, too, with the problem "which shall it be?" Helen thought she ought to be the favored one as she was the oldest, but Constance thought the claim of being the youngest was equally strong, especially when the youngest was the prettiest, she said to herself. Helen commenced practising anew her most showy French and Italian songs, whilst Constance began to remodel her dresses and polonaises, and tried to find space to add a few more puffs or knife-pleatings to them. They felt that they could scarcely endure the suspense till Cousin Celia arrived, which event occurred about the last of June.

The meeting between Mrs. Logan and Miss Celia was refreshing and gratifying to both, bringing back troops of pleasant memories (along with some sad ones) of the days of their youth. In some respects their characters were very dissimilar, and the difference in their lots had still further widened these points of natural dissimilarity. Miss Celia had been accustomed to command and to rely on herself almost exclusively, hence she was a little brusque, but withal so generous and kind-hearted that she seldom gave offense. She had seen a great deal of the world, and had closely observed and studied life and character, thereby greatly enlarging and improving a judgment naturally fine. Mrs. Logan was shy, shrinking and unassuming. Her energy was so quiet, and her goodness so unobtrusive that even those who felt their beneficial effects were scarce conscious of where the *largesse* flowed from.

The girls were so impatient to know who was to be the favored guest at the sea-shore, that they could scarcely contain themselves, but at length the vexed question was ended, a few days after Cousin Celia's arrival by her remarking to Mrs. Logan: "Bessie, I think it is time we were beginning to furbish up your wardrobe for the sea-shore."

A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen on the assemblage. Mrs. Logan was literally too bewildered and too astonished to reply, so Miss Celia thinking she had not heard her remark, repeated it, on which Mrs. Logan stammered out: "I did not know you expected me to go with you."

"Oh, yes, I wrote you of it; I thought I made my meaning clear enough; but at all events, I want you to distinctly understand me now as inviting you to be my guest at the sea-shore."

Involuntarily Mrs. Logan glanced at her daughters, who sat with pale faces and eyes heavy with unshed



tears. Miss Celia's quick eyes noted the glance, but without directly commenting on it, she went on.

"In selecting my summer companion, I am guided by two considerations which I always require to coincide in my choice. The first consideration is to select some one who really needs the trip for purposes of mental or physical health, some one who requires rest, relaxation, recreation and change. Sometimes I select a friend convalescing from illness, sometimes one who has just undergone a great mental strain or great bodily fatigue, and sometimes one who has been going too long round and round the same set of cares and employments without change. You come under the last category, which is one reason why I have selected you this summer. The second consideration that determines my choice is a selfish one (you know how apt self is to creep into our actions). It is my personal liking for and congeniality with the companion I select. You see I compound by making my selection on one selfish and one unselfish principle. On the plea of mere personal liking, I might have selected one of these young girls, but the other principle that guides my selection totally debars them from the trip. They have been under no strain, mentally or bodily. They have no more care than the lilies of the field, and they have each had the recreation of a pleasant trip within the last six months."

Mrs. Logan, though the mother's heart within her yearned for the proffered trip to be enjoyed by one of her daughters felt that it would be useless as well as indelicate for her to say so—and therefore she merely tried to excuse herself from a trip, the bare idea of which was startling to her. She had stayed at home so closely that she had come to believe it impossible for her ever to go away. Her household duties, she urged, were such as to quite preclude the idea of her going away, and her family seemed inclined to take the same view of the question. It was not till Miss Celia had taken Mr. Logan and the girls aside and called their attention to how pale and worn Mrs. Logan looked, and how much a change would benefit her, that it began to glimmer over them that her taking a trip was a thing that ought to be promoted, or even that it was a thing possible. Not that they did not love her, but she was so quiet and unassuming, "seeking not her own," and she had so long and steadfastly put aside the idea of her taking any indulgence or recreation that they had gradually come to acquiesce in this state of things.

"What will become of the housekeeping when Bessie goes away?" asked Mr. Logan.

"Oh, the girls must do it," said Miss Celia. "It is time they were learning, any how, and this will be a good opportunity. They may be called on to keep houses of their own before very long," she added, archly, which remark caused the young ladies to smile amiably and considerably sweetened the prospect of their having to take their mother's keys.

Miss Celia at length succeeded in making the whole household agree to her plan, and gentle Mrs. Logan, who had not gone more than a few miles for more

than fifteen years, found herself committed to a trip—bewildering thought not only to herself, but to her family.

Next the active Miss Celia wanted to have Mrs. Logan's wardrobe gotten in trim. Here she found much to do, for Mrs. Logan's clothing, though neat, was very plain and scant. Every indulgence in dress that she could afford had been given to her daughters, whilst her own clothes did not compare as well with theirs as that of a lady's maid does with the wardrobe of her mistress—a discrepancy which, by the by, speaks badly for young girls, and shows an injudicious tenderness on the part of mothers.

Mr. Logan generally trusted such matters to his wife, and being much engrossed by masculine pursuits, paid but little heed to the garb of his women folks. The daughters had become so accustomed to their mother scrimping for their benefit, and always placing herself in the background, that they had come to regard it as a matter of course, and it did not occur to them how thoughtless, not to say selfish, they had been till it broke over them in the searching light of Miss Celia's gray eyes, and the "*disinheriting*" expression of her kind, frank face when the glaring discrepancy between their wardrobe and their mother's was brought to light.

"Bessie," said Mr. Logan, who was present at one of the feminine conferences over her wardrobe, "you must have your black grenadine made up, that I brought you from town last summer, at the same time that I got dresses of it for the girls."

Bessie made no reply, but colored, whilst the girls fidgeted in their chairs. The truth was, they had wished to make their dresses in such an ultra elaborate manner, with such myriads of pleatings, that Mrs. Logan had cut her dress pattern in two between them to enable them to carry out their ideas. She had thought to bury forever in her own bosom the secret history of her grenadine dress pattern, but the projected trip to the sea-shore wrung it, not from her, but from her daughters, who felt themselves impelled to make the confession (albeit with shame and reluctance) in view of their mother's preparing to make a trip, and consequently needing new clothes to make a decent appearance. Miss Celia could not forbear giving them a little homily on the subject.

"It does not redound to the credit of young girls," said she, "for their mother to appear dressed scarcely as well as a housekeeper or upper servant. It is true that young girls ought to have a greater variety of clothes, and gayer and more fanciful ones than settled women, just as the spring-time has a greater profusion of gay blossoms than the other seasons, but the mother ought not to debar herself from suitable clothing, and go skulking about in the background, in order that her children may have every advantage of dress."

Helen and Constance were too conscience-stricken to resent Miss Celia's reproof. They laid it to heart and profited by it later.

A new grenadine was procured for Mrs. Logan, also other things needed to make up a neat and

tasteful wardrobe. It had been so long since Mr. Logan had seen his wife dressed in anything pretty or stylish, that he stood transfixed with admiration when she tried on the new grenadine, tastefully made by an accomplished dressmaker, and set off by a creamy lace tie presented by Cousin Celia. He stood gazing at her with something of the same expression with which he had gazed twenty odd years before at the fresh, lovely young face of Bessie Miller.

Charlie, the son and heir of the house, determined to add the finishing touch to the grandeur of his mother's outfit, so he slipped off to the neighboring village and spent all his pocket-money, accumulated since Christmas, in buying her a flaming red neck-ribbon with embossed bouquets of green, blue and yellow flowers on the ends of it. The finest bars of point lace could not have pleased the gentle lady so much as this testimonial of her little boy's love. She laid it away bedewed with her tears.

The first of August arrived. The trunks were packed and the travelers went off, Mrs. Logan as much fluttered and agitated as any timid young bride just leaving her father's home. Without minutely describing the trip, suffice it to say that it was a thoroughly delightful and refreshing one. Mrs. Logan's fresh, innocent, child-like disposition was one peculiarly susceptible of enjoyment, and she had so long lived in deep seclusion that everything had the charm of novelty to her. It is true her pleasure was at times dampened by anxiety about the home folks and her various *protégés* on the farm—her flowers, poultry, cows, calves, etc.; but the rest, the change, the recreation, the bracing sea-air, and all the lovely sights and sounds pertaining to the sea, were highly invigorating to her, and brought a bloom to her cheek that had been foreign there for many a year.

After spending a month at the sea-shore—or in fairy-land, as it appeared to Mrs. Logan—they wound up their summer pleasuring by a little trip to New York, where Miss Celia carried Mrs. Logan to the opera and various other points of interest, giving her an opportunity to store her memory with enough of the delightful and marvelous to refer to in all her after-life.

But now let us take a glance at Aspen Cottage in the absence of its mistress. It was with a sinking heart that the household watched her go off, and yet they had no conception of the extent to which they were going to miss her. This was her first absence (except for a few days at rare intervals) in all her married life of twenty-one years. She was so gentle and so quiet that no one appreciated fully how much she effected in every way, until her presence was withdrawn. The machinery of the household moved on so smoothly and comfortably under her quiet and judicious management, that you were scarcely conscious there was any machinery in the case. *Things seemed to do themselves*; at least Helen and Constance had some vague impression of this kind, and perhaps Mr. Logan, too; but they became totally undeceived in the mother's absence. The girls found, to their cost, that things did not do themselves, nor were there

any kind pixies or elves to come at night and wind up the work delayed or neglected by mortals in the day-time. The rhythmic regularity that used to mark the recurrence of meal-times as well as their other domestic arrangements, was disturbed. Helen and Constance both disliked so much to get up early and attend to breakfast, that Mr. Logan's farm-work was much thrown back by his inability to have this meal early under their *régime*, and when it was served it was such a different affair from what it was under Mrs. Logan's supervision. In a thousand little particulars, her dainty, careful touch was missing. They had thought their servant remarkably efficient, but in Mrs. Logan's absence she was not half as much so. Mrs. Logan's wise management and supervision, and clear, exact directions, had added greatly to the servant's efficiency.

The girls' experience in housekeeping enabled them to form some estimate of the laborious round of duties their mother performed, and they both determined to lighten it on her return by assisting her. Constance resolved to do all the sewing her mother did not put out, as well as to replenish the vases daily with fresh flowers and clean the silver; whilst Helen announced her determination to assist her mother in preserving, canning fruits and vegetables, and doing any other household work about which her mother needed her assistance.

Cousin Celia had dropped some good, wholesome seeds of advice and admonition into their minds during her visit, and now, during the dreary weeks of their mother's absence, these seeds were germinating.

It was not only nor chiefly in the decrease of their material comfort that they all felt the mother's absence. They felt it in spirit and in heart. They found out how her gentle kindness, and sympathy, and patience, and calm cheerfulness had made the sunshine of their home, and they soon began to count the very hours that would elapse before her return. Mr. Logan and little Charlie were probably, of all the household, "the most dejected and miserable." It was hard to say which of them clung to her and depended on her most. Not only did they feel her absence keenly on the grounds of sentiment, but, after the manner of most of the masculine tribe, neither of them could find a clean handkerchief or pair of socks for themselves if their life depended on it.

One bright evening in September the Aspen cottagers might have been seen joyfully wending their way toward the nearest railway station, reaching there an hour before the train arrived. At last the whistle of the engine was heard, the train came rushing up, and a few moments later Mrs. Logan was encircled by the arms of her loved ones.

"O mother!" cried Charlie, "you have gotten to be so young and pretty!"

And indeed she did look so, with the flush of excitement and of renovated health on her sweet face, framed in soft, wavy hair, surmounted by a little black lace bonnet, trimmed with pansies, the gift of the ever kind Cousin Celia.

Mr. Logan was as much enraptured with her as

when she was a bride. He candidly avowed that he had not fully realized till she went off on a trip, how dear and how important she was to him, and how she had filled his home with sunshine.

"I can never let you leave me again, Bessie," said he. "But I tell you what I'll do. I'll go with you once a year on a little pleasure-trip, and if it has the same effect on me as it has had on you, we will both get to be as fresh and youthful as we were in our

courting days. We have both worked hard all our lives, and I think we are entitled to take a little recreation now; besides, the old farm is doing so well, that I think I can manage to afford a trip once a year for us all, as well as an occasional trip between times for the girls. I am heartily obliged to Cousin Celia for opening my eyes to the fact that middle-aged people need recreation, and can enjoy it, too, as well as young folks."

MARY W. EARLY.

## Familiar Science.

### FAMILIAR BOTANY.

AND now for the *Apetalous* division. *Apetalous* means destitute of petals. Here I expect some will wonder what I mean by flowers destitute of petals. In true Hibernian fashion I would answer such a question by asking, "Do all plants bear flowers?" And I am almost certain that my questioners would reply, "No, indeed! Trees don't."

Ah, but they do. Most trees, all, in fact, except tree-ferns—do blossom. Yes, but not with real flowers? Real flowers, friends, are so when they have stamens and pistils, even though they may be destitute of petals. You have all seen catkins and the like. Now we have it. Trees largely belong to this third division of exogenous plants. Though apetalous plants are not always trees by any means, nor are trees always apetalous. This last you may know by the pears and cherries.

The common pokeweed (*Phytolacca decandra*), forms a family by itself, the *Phytolaccaceæ*. Many blossoms have stamens and pistils directly in the calyx. *Chenopodium album*, the pigweed, noted for its disagreeable, oily smell and vermifuge qualities; and *Amarantus retrofractus*, green amaranth, are our most common weeds, each forming a representative of the very large tribes *Chenopodiaceæ* and *Amarantaceæ*.

The *Polygonaceæ*, or Buckwheat Family, is known principally by its odd, three-cornered pericarps. The large genus *Polygonum* contains some striking plants, as well as some coarse seeds. *Polygonum orientale* is the tall, handsome prince's feather, or, as it is called in some localities, kiss-me-o'er-the-garden-gate. (It is brilliantly-colored, but calyxes are often so.) *Polygonum dumetorum* is the graceful wild buckwheat; and *Polygonum hydropiper* is the smart-weed. *Fragopyrum esculentum* is the true buckwheat. In this family, also, are found the different species of dock and sorrel (*Rumex*).

The *Lauraceæ*, or Laurel Family, contains, as its representative, the true, or classic laurel (*Laurus nobilis*), a distinct plant from our American laurel (*Kalmia*). In company with it, we find the cinnamon and camphor. In our native woods, the laurel tribe is represented by two beautiful, aromatic shrubs, the sassafras (*Laurus sassafras*), and the spice-bush (*Laurus benzoin*). The former is well-known for its fragrance, its mucilaginous sap and its bright red berries, the latter, for somewhat the same qualities, but especially for its bright yellow blossoms, showing themselves before the leaves. These plants are now generally known respectively as *Sassafras officinale* and *Lindera benzoin*.

The *Euphorbiaceæ*, or Spurge Family, is a large

one, all of whose members are shrubs more or less poisonous. Here we have the superbly-colored poinsettia, the acrid box and the burning croton. *Jatropha elastica* is the India-rubber tree; *Ricinus communis*, the castor-oil bean; and *Euphorbia corollata* gives us ipecacuanha.

The *Urticaceæ*, or Nettle Family, is very extensive, comprising several sub-orders, one of which contains the elm, another the bread-fruit and fig and mulberry. *Ulmus fulva* is the slippery-elm; *Morus rubra* and *alba*, the red and white mulberries; *Urtica dioica*, the stinging nettle. The common hemp (*Cannabis sativa*) is found here in company with the hasheesh (*Cannabis indica*), and the hop (*Humulus lupulus*).

And now for some of our forest-trees. The well-known sycamore, with its curious bark (*Platanus occidentalis*), forms a family, the *Platanaceæ*. The *Juglandaceæ*, or Walnut Family, contains the butter-nut (*Juglans cinerea*) and the hickory-nut (*Carya microcarpa*). *Juglans nigra* is the black-walnut; *Carya alba*, the shell-bark; and *Carya porcina*, the hog-nut.

The *Cupulifereæ* is the Oak Family, containing, like the *Juglandaceæ*, large, strong trees, noted often for valuable timber, graceful foliage and edible fruits. The oaks alone might form the subject of articles innumerable—I shall mention only the white oak (*Quercus alba*), the scarlet oak (*Quercus coccinea*), and the live oak (*Quercus virens*). *Castanea vesca* is the beautiful and valuable chestnut-tree; *Fagus ferruginea*, the still more beautiful beech-tree; and *Corylus americana*, the hazel-nut.

The *Betulaceæ*, or Birch Family, contains the birch and the alder, of which the paper birch (*Betula papyracea*), is probably the best-known member. The *Salicaceæ*, or Willow Family, also contains two genera, of which *Salix viminalis*, the basket-willow, and *Salix babylonica*, the weeping-willow, are the most familiar of the willows; and *Populus tremuloides*, the aspen, and *Populus dilatata*, the Lombardy poplar, of the poplars.

The *Conifereæ*, or Pine Family, properly forms a division by itself. It contains evergreen-trees having needle-shaped leaves and bearing cones. *Pinus rigida* is the pitch-pine; *Abies alba*, the white spruce; *Larix americana*, the larch. These belong to the Fir Family, which seems distinct from the Cedar Family. *Cupressus thyoides* is the white cedar, and *Juniperus virginiana*, the red. *Thuja occidentalis* is the beautiful arbor-vitæ, or tree of life.

And now we have completed our study of the *Exogens*. Let us remember that in passing to the next order, *Endogens*, we recognize not merely the difference between the various modes of growth and flowering, but in external and internal construction.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

## Religious Reading.

### "SO GLAD TO BE ALIVE."

I DO not know what brought the words to my mind a few minutes ago. Some good angel, maybe—I was very tired and there was "so much to do," and only my one pair of hands to do it.

I turned the lid of my desk down. I must write a letter to the old home, but there lay the button I promised to sew on Ned's jacket, the handkerchiefs I promised to mark to-day. My work-basket beside the desk is piled high with garments to be mended, the cloth for Ned's jacket lay there not even cut. I thought of the needs of my own wardrobe, and the leanness of the family purse. And my head went down on the desk-lid, and a long sigh escaped my lips.

"So glad to be alive this beautiful morning." The words came without bidding to my memory, and instantly there flashed before my mind the time when I heard them. Dear "Uncle Doctor!" as we used to call him. The good old man whose seventy years sat so lightly on him. It was his custom to run up to my room every morning, before he made his round among his patients, for a frolic with baby Ned. Baby would clap his hands and begin to crow and spring, whenever he heard the well-known step. Such a pretty picture as they used to make. The good old man with his gray head, but vigorous form; his homely, but kind, good face. He would toss baby high in his strong arms. Baby with clean, white garments, his eyes bright with fun, and his chubby hands striving to clutch doctor's hair or whiskers. After a frolic one morning "Uncle Doctor" gave Neddle a parting squeeze and shake, saying as he put him in my arms again: "Bless his heart, he is so glad to be alive this beautiful morning."

"I think you are glad 'to be alive,' too, doctor," I said.

"Yes, indeed," was the quick answer, and "doctor" ran down the stairs almost as quickly as a lad of sixteen. Seventy years old and 'glad to be alive,' I mused. If I had not known it to be otherwise I might have thought from his manner that life for him had been one long, bright sunny day. But I knew how often that gray head had been bowed with anguish. I knew that sorrow, trouble and bereavement had come often to the dear old man. Yet he didn't say either in word or manner, the "Lord hath dealt bitterly with me." With something more than patience and trust was his daily life a lesson to us. For he served "the Lord with gladness." With a

"gladness" that carried sunshine to many a weary heart. A gladness that drew little children to him as honey draws the bees. With the kind of gladness that made those in trouble turn to him for comfort and sympathy, sure that they should get it.

"Glad to be alive." Not many months after these words of his taught me a lesson I stood beside his coffin form. And we that loved him so well, knew that he had gone to "live forever with the blessed of the Lord."

"Glad to be alive." Yes, I am. Tired hands and feet, you shall not take the courage from my heart. Tired head and quivering nerves, rest a moment, and take courage. Thank the Father for His love, and rest a little under the shadow of His wings, and be glad for the beautiful blessings He giveth us daily.

VARA.

### THE LIFE THAT LEADS TO HEAVEN.

THE life that leads to Heaven is not a life of retirement from the world, but of action in the world. A life of piety, without a life of charity, which can only be acquired in the world, does not lead to Heaven; but a life of charity does. And this consists in acting sincerely and justly in every occupation, in every transaction, and in every work, from an interior and thus from a heavenly origin; and such origin is inherent in such a life because it is according to divine laws. Such a life is not difficult; but a life of piety, separate from a life of charity, is difficult, and leads away from Heaven.—SWEDENBORG.

### WHAT KIND OF A REVIVAL?

THE revival which we need is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth, and sticks to its promises; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which lives in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes, and chasten our press and commerce from roguery and rottenness, would be a boon from Heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible-knowledge, but a Bible-conscience to all, is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want, to-day, is more Christ-like men and women. The preaching it needs is more sermons in shoes.—CYLER.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

THE following story is from an exchange. Read it, boys, and take the lesson to heart.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boys' own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equiva-

lent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said: "What a fine melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"



"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Williams.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

A man who, by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will in a little while have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him.

#### LATE IN BED.

WHEN Farmer Milton's boy went after the cows, there was one who was called "Old White Face" that always stayed behind. No sooner were the bars let down and the call made, than "Brindle," and "Bright Eyes," and "Broken Horn" would move at once, and make their way to the road. But "Old White Face" would keep cropping and cropping a bit more, as if nobody had called for her and nobody wanted her milk. Sometimes the boy had to crack his whip pretty smartly before she would stir a peg.

"Lazy old brute!" he muttered one day, "why can't you come home when you're called, as other cows do? I have to go after you almost every day. Why can't you come when you're called?"

"So I say, Tom," spoke out Farmer Milton, who was just on the other side of the fence, and heard what he said. "I often call you in the morning, and you sleep and sleep till I come up close to your bed and call out as loud as I can. You used to hear at first, and start at the first call, but you thought you would lie still a minute longer one day, and two the next, and now the habit is very hard to break."

Tom drove home his cows without saying another word, and it is to be hoped that he remembered what Farmer Milton said to him, and jumped out of bed on the first call next morning.

#### THE STORY OF A SCAMP.

JOCKO was a merry fellow,  
Clad in coat of gayest yellow,  
With a bright blue band or two,  
Just to keep him trim and true.

Eyes like jet beads brightly beaming,  
And with mischief ever gleaming;  
And at learning, oh! how quick,  
If 'twere but some funny trick.

With his tongue's unceasing chatter,  
Hands and feet kept up a clatter;  
Not a regiment of boys  
Could have made a greater noise.

Spied he flowers finely growing,  
With their fairest colors glowing,  
You'd be sure to find him there  
Making havoc everywhere.

And he was a greedy sinner,  
For, when cook was getting dinner,  
He'd creep up with look so sly,  
And for dainty tid-bits pry!

If his presence once forgetting,  
And to keep close watch neglecting,  
Then a dish of something nice  
He'd make way with in a trice!

How he loved through drawers to fumble,  
And each box and basket tumble,  
Then to scatter on the floor  
All the things he'd rummaged o'er!

But while thus with vicious living  
He was such vexation giving,  
On a sunny autumn day,  
Lo, our Jocko ran away!

And maybe the naughty fellow,  
With his jacket gay and yellow,  
In an organ-grinder's train  
Sometime will appear again!

RUTH ARGYLE.

## The Home Circle.

### WRINKLES AND DIMPLES;

OR, MYSELF AND MY GIRLS.

No. 7.

A COUNTRY girl said to her bashful lover: "Do say something or other, if it isn't very smart." And we said this to ourselves while debating what to write on this occasion. We have questions to answer; but which ones are the most timely is what puzzles us.

Some of the girls were pleased with our talk on the women's work in the church, and write us that it helped them wonderfully in their own work. Well,

maybe we can tell you something else that will be like an encouraging hand reached out, its grasp full of cordiality. This may not suit wealthy churches—is not meant for them, indeed—so we will tell how we plan in our own village.

Women must be united; you know that. One will work well in one place, while she cannot succeed in another. For the president, or the leading member of the society, choose a woman whose name is above reproach—an active Christian, liberal in giving, liberal in her views, loving everybody, not suspicious of the motives of others, especially those who are members of other churches, not niggardly of her time, not selfish or at all a bigot—in short, your best wo-

man. She may be all this, and not a very good financier; so see that your treasurer is a good business woman, manly in her judgment, far-seeing, calculating, shrewd to manage and plan, not emotional, not rash, not hasty in making up her mind; let her be also a woman against whom no tongue can wag—discreet, modest, cautious, careful and one who can keep accounts properly. We have these two women filling these positions in our little circle, and, having tried them, we mean to keep them where they are.

If you have a good woman who talks too much, this steady team will keep her in her place. Their influence will help to hide her fault, and make others, in and out of the church, look more leniently upon her. Deal kindly with these erring Peters if they are in your church; they fit in well in their places; they are generally willing to work, and to give, and they only need a little restraining hand to hold them in check. On festival occasions they are invaluable; they are so willing, so light of foot and hand. But what "kneading down" it does require, what watchfulness lest they talk too much, lest they show temper when a placid countenance is proper! The stingy woman—how do you get along with her? Ah me! how glad she is to save a dime! How she will twist and connive, and what strategy she will devise to save her money!

Our last gathering was a very pleasant one, and we realized a snug little sum. Every neighborhood can hold such a meeting with profit to themselves socially, and to the church, missionary society or Sabbath school financially. We had, perhaps, five essays, a few pieces of music, and then the event of the evening was a lecture by the village doctor, called "Men of our Times." He went back a period of forty years, and gave a running scrap of biography of all the leading men of that time. It was very interesting to all of us. Some of the names were unknown to half the citizens of our town—men who had lived here and hereabouts, died, were buried, and quite forgotten in the space of time that to the speaker seemed very brief. An excellent moral was contained in the lecture, especially for those busy, bustling men on our streets who think the world lies close around them, and that they are in the centre, the pivot, which, if lost, would cause dire destruction. Poor fellows! the birds would sing on, and the flowers bloom on, and the wheels of trade would lag not one instant. Only for a few nights would the tired watcher, mayhap, waken suddenly, and reach out the helping hand for the medicine that was no more needed, because the voice was still, the pillows undented by any anguished head, and the sick one gone where there is no more sickness, and where no death ever comes. The characters mentioned in the lecture read by the doctor were only those who had been residents of our village in the length of time specified.

Lawn fêtes pay well, either afternoon or evening, or both. Business men cannot well leave their stores, offices and shops until night, while the mothers and children can attend in the afternoon. In the evening we had our tables set between the church and the row of beautiful maples. The house was lighted, the blinds thrown open, and the crowd could go inside if they preferred. Lights were suspended in the trees and over the grounds. We had cake, ice cream, candy and lemonade, and all the children of the poor were gratuitously fed and made happy.

Such undertakings must be controlled by committees; a good deal of real generalship is necessary, else one will find to her dismay the truth of that homely old adage, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Judas with the bag must not be

forgotten. We were at a festival once where ice cream was served abundantly; but that department had no treasurer through neglect, and the result was, "hard work and no pay."

Spelling schools gotten up on the old plan of having captains and "choosing sides," takes well even now, after the spelling-school furore is over. Manage it adroitly, and it is really provocative of a good deal of fun. In choosing up, be sure and have for captains those who understand the old-time formula, who have practiced it in their boyhood. Carry out the primitive style as far as possible. Don't forget in choosing to call the names in full, "the good old way," such as Mary Ellen Jones, Sarah Marg'et Fisher, 'Liza Jane Ayers, July Ann Sneddicor, Hanner Marier Conant, Katy 'Lizabeth Davis; and the boys, John Quincy Adams Tannehill, Joseph Elias Peterson, Richard Henry Jackson, Peter Washington Welch, Aaron Nelson Quick. You remember that this old way of giving double names on all occasions was common every-day usage. At "intermission" pass 'round the dinner-baskets with a nice bit of lunch for a "piece." And try and find common old splint baskets with a handle over the top, not the tasteful, pretty baskets of the prevailing styles. Let the programme be made out by those who understand the form. Even at a dime a head, you will find that this pays in more ways than one. It is very funny at the close when the lads come hustling along with hearts beating almost audibly, and ask the Mary Janes, and 'Liza Ellens, and Martha Anns, to see them "safe home," or if they "will 'cept of their company," the bashful swains!

The old-time singin'-schools are a fruitful source of pleasure and good-will, and—profit, too. They will never grow old or tiresome; indeed, they seem to grow better and better, and the attendance not to decrease as they are better known and appreciated. Let them be conducted as they were in the long ago, when our grandparents, rosy, and broad, and buxom, and all aglow with health and vigor, rejoiced in them, and sang the beautiful anthems, with China, and Mear, and Evening Shade, and Ninety-third, with a zest that was worship.

An elocutionary entertainment in an intelligent community is a treat; so is a public reading; but, strange as it may appear, the house is never filled, the audience is generally small, though appreciative and select.

Mite socials bring in a small revenue, but it does not take long for these informal gatherings to become too informal; the little lads and misses monopolize them; with all the abandon of Young America, they rush in and crowd the modest and middle-aged to the wall, or into the background. They clang and bang the piano or organ with deafening noise; they run against you; clatter like little animals, with hoops, up-stairs and down; they slam doors, and talk loud, and laugh louder, and get up tableaux under your chair, or use your shoulders roughly in guessing charades. If you laugh at their spelling in that cheery game of "the ship's come in," they get mad, and with red lips pour out the prim ways of "old fogies." But hold the young American in check, and with conversation, music, reading, recitations, delineations, pleasant games, etc., very delightful evenings can be spent in this way, the choice side of your nature made ripe and mellow as the sunward side of a peach, a better and friendlier feeling established in your social circle, your treasury kept from collapsing, and the "wheels made to go round" with a motion so smooth that you will be gratified and delighted.

We did tell you of the supper in mask, in our other article. A little lady at our elbow said: "Now you couldn't deceive me in this town. Why I know every woman's figure, and voice, and laugh, and I guess I would know her by the dress."

To which we replied: "Not so fast, my lynx-eyed one. Wait and see."

We said the mask could be a pillow-case, but it need not be unless one prefers. Muslin is cheap, make the covering to hide the dress half-way down the skirt; make it of calico or black paper-muslin, or any drapery you choose. Ours was the skirt of a thin black dress laid aside a dozen years ago—we forget the name—pretty goods—fifty cents a yard—we damaged ours loaning it to poor women to wear at funerals. You all know that there are instances in which a black dress, ready-made, fitting, laid before a broken-hearted, poor creature when dazed and almost dumb with the sudden sorrow that came like a thief in the night, would lift from her a tithe of the grief, especially when she felt that she had "nothing to wear." The wide old-time skirt of six breadths was readily fashioned into a very graceful drapery, with no ornament save a white cross. That stamped the wearer as a nun. Now a nun would not be expected to laugh or talk loud, so the voice led not to betrayal.

The little lady who was so positive about recognizing her acquaintances could not name half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, their disguise was so complete. Her escort at supper was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a gruff voice, a glittering ring on one hand; very polite, bowing frequently to save speaking—as we all did. It took some time for the company to be seated, and a few minutes elapsed then before they were requested by the president of the ladies' society to remove their masks. Her partner turned toward her, snapped his eyes wide open to see who was the lady—the Highland lass in her plaidie beside him. Now he was the last one she suspected. She told me, confidentially, that she thought he was the minister, in disguise, instead of that he was one of the boys 'bout town, an easy, clever, loafing, good-humored young man who had barely been on terms of acquaintance. In the words of a skipping ditty, this young man wasn't over-pious,

"And his eyes were on the bias,  
So to speak;  
And his beauty took vacation  
About the time of his creation,  
And he had no education,  
So to speak,"

but for all that he conducted himself genteelly and contributed largely to the entertainment of the evening.

Well, in planning social gatherings for church or Sabbath-school purposes, great watchfulness must be observed least the cause suffer injury or indignity, or be lowered into a truckling, money-grabbing, greedy be-littleing thing. That would be such a pity, and the injury would be so great. You women, praying Christian mothers, wives and sisters, must consider these things, and must not even approach too closely the boundary line. We think you can all be trusted. Remember that the young must be conciliated—met half-way, treated affectionately, respectfully, kindly, show them that you love them, and their souls, and desire their happiness. Don't be like the church officers at Alder Valley. The young people there wanted the use of the house for a concert and literary entertainment, but the old straight-outs utterly refused them, on the grounds that a church was only for divine worship; that it would be sacrilege to use

it for their purpose. No other house in the vicinity, but the school-house; the young people coaxed long and earnestly—half of them were members in good standing—but the trustees refused; angry words and recrimination followed, and to-day, that beautiful building, stands—moles, and bats, and swallows hiding under its wide eaves—beginning to settle and decay—a useless thing, when it might have been a blessing to that populous neighborhood.

It is a serious calamity when between the old and the young members in a church there springs up a feeling of bitterness and hatred; or between the old and young outside of the church—for the best safeguard for the inexperienced is the friendship of their superiors.

We know elderly people who set their hard faces squarely against all the innocent enjoyments that are pleasant pastime for the young, and as a result they are not loved nor respected. One old lady in our prayer meeting is always praying dolefully for the young; asking the Lord to impress on their minds that they must shun the pitfalls, and devices, and snares that lie in their paths; that He will make them remember all the time that they must die, and be buried, and go to judgment; and she paints it so painfully, dreadfully, hopelessly hard and real, that the very room seems to have a taint of sulphur in it! Cross? she kicks the cat, and starves the dog, and kills the spiders, and sets the wickedest fly-traps; bars the doors, nails the windows, draws the curtains, locks the cupboard, and cellar, and milk-house, and smoke-house, and is so 'fraid at night that she never sleeps long, honest, restful slumbers like the poor woman across the way who takes in weaving and tends other folks' babies while the tired mothers go off to hunt ferns and winter-greens. She, the weaver-woman, sings:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

never losing a note when she drops the shuttle, or toddles round to turn the yarn beam just a few inches "farder round." And she always has a kind word for the young—makes suggestions when they get up church fairs and festivals; tells them how she used to cut and make her "frocks" when she was young, and when such a "rig as an over-skirt" was never heard of. The girls often go in and sit awhile with Aunt Hetty Ray, and go away with bright faces, and no shadows laid on their jubilant young hearts. Not so with the crooning old creature who meets the girls with a pious whine about the ways of the evil one; the wickedness of the human kind; the traps laid to ensnare every body—how she misses her fattest chickens o' nights; how them pesky boys stoned her out-buildings; and how "hard it is to be a Christian, and to bear the cross, and the shame, and the persecution for righteousness' sake." And when she sings, which is through her cavernous nose, and seldom, she invariably selects, "And must this body die," or, "Thy flesh shall crawling worms consume." The time matches the words—a dragging, drawling, doleful, dolorous thing that has no ring, or rise, or swell, or melody in it. Oh, such people never find any of the sweets of religion in this burlesque that they stigmatize as "piety," "a heart renewed," "serving God."

God despises such a sham; He turns away from such prayers and such pretense; He is not deceived with harangues purporting to be communion with Him; He does not shower down His revivifying grace upon such shallow souls; He does not scatter seed in such waste places for the fowls of the air to pick up or the winds to bear away.

An upright, pure, cheerful life preaches a sermon

daily; one that entereth into the heart and abideth there. No matter how humble the soul if it only has learned the beautiful truth that there is "no peace out of Christ, that in Him is perfect peace, and if He giveth rest who then can give trouble." "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

CHATTY BROOKS.

### "MARBLE-TIME."

I WONDER where that boy lives, who, waking up some morning, in *very early spring*, jumps out of bed and declares "to-day marble-time begins." Or are there several boys who catch the "epidemic" together, and inaugurate "marble-time." If it begins with only *one* boy, I think I would go a good many miles to see him, and beseech him not to begin another year. If, as I suspect, it commences simultaneously all over the country, why I give it up, and *endure*.

But I do dread the time of marbles so! It isn't my Neddie's grimy little hands; it isn't the worn little knee-pants, and the great holes in the knees of his stockings that are sure to come in "marble-time;" it isn't the coaxing for pennies to buy marbles that I dread; and it isn't so much the peculiar "slang talk" that boys always have over a game of marbles. (I wish some woman, who never had any boy playmates when she was a girl, could stand beside a group of boys playing marbles and listen to their talk for ten minutes. I wonder how much of it she would understand!) But I do dread very much to hear, "Mamma, most all the boys play for keeps." "Mamma, what is the reason you are not willing for me to?" Or, "Jimmy Tucker cheats so when he plays marbles that nobody wants to have him play with them."

And so for the twentieth time I explain my reasons why it is not *right* to play for keeps. For the twentieth time I urge my boy to "play fair."

This year my heart was made glad to hear Neddie say one day: "I guess Mr. P. thinks as you and papa do about playing marbles." (Mr. P. is the grammar school-master, and Neddie, this year, being promoted to the intermediate department, comes under his control somewhat.)

"Why so, my son?" I ask.

"Oh! after we were in line to go into our rooms to-day, he told us he thought playing marbles for 'havin's' was a kind of gambling, and he didn't want us to do it in the play-ground, or on our way home, or coming to school. I told him," went on Ned, "that I couldn't, because my mother didn't like me for to. And so did Percy and Charlie, and two or three of the other fellows, but most of the boys said their folks didn't care. But Mr. P. said they must only play for keeps at home with their own brothers."

Well, you may be sure I thanked our young school-master the next time I saw him for using his influence to keep the boys in the right. And then he told me something else about the boys. He said that a few days after he told the boys the above, he noticed slips of white paper circulating from boy to boy, and little knots of boys gathered about on the play-ground, and earnest confabs going on, marbles changing hands, etc. So after a time he inquired into it. The boys are very frank with their kind master, and they freely told him. They were "selling chances." Like this: A boy has a handsome "glass agate" or some pretty "chinas," and he goes about asking the other boys to take "a share," or "buy a chance" for two "doggers" as the boys

call a—common marble. A boy pays over two "doggers," receives a strip of paper with a number on it, and when enough shares are sold, the drawing begins, and the boy who holds the right number wins the "glass agate" or two "chinas," as the case may be.

"What did you do about it?" I asked the school-master.

"What could I do?" he asked, in return. "Every church fair that has been held in this town since I came here, has done the same thing. The boys have seen bed-quilts, pictures, books, tea-sets, and almost everything you can name, sold at fairs held by the church, in that way."

"O Mr. P., surely you don't think we *all* approve of that way?" I hastened to reply.

"No; but when I asked the boys how many thought that way a right way to get money, out of over fifty boys only *two* thought it wrong," was his answer. "But I have stopped their marble lottery," he went on.

"And if we mothers could only stop lotteries and chances at fairs," I added.

So you understand, mothers of the "Home Circle," why I dread "marble time." I want my boy to hate every form of cheatery or trickery, "fair and square" I want should be his motto. But I think a "better time" is coming.

"Ten cents' for a base-ball," explained Neddie, as I saw him shaking and overturning his bank, and rattling out the pennies, to-day.

"Then 'marble-time' is over," I said, and gave a sigh of relief.

"If we have a fair this next fall, don't sell one thing on shares," said the Mrs. President of our sewing-circle at our last meeting, and in my heart I said "thank God." VARA.

### A LETTER.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: Won't you please draw your chairs a little closer, so that I may sit among you just this once, and listen to the dear, good words you may say, and perhaps I might venture to tell you how I have learned to love you all, from dear old "Pipsey" down to the latest newcomer. I have in my mind a picture of each one of you—bright, beautiful pictures, which to me grows brighter and fairer with the dawning of each new month. How gladly I welcome the days which bring to us the HOME MAGAZINE. Laden with noble thoughts, arrayed in pure and beautiful words, it is a joy to our home, and welcomed by all. I do believe that, with myself, it stands second only to my Bible. From its pages I glean food for my happy hours, my sad ones, and also the weary ones. Do I become entangled in the web of household duties, I have but to advise with Pipsey or Chatty Brooks, and I soon find myself at liberty. Truly, their words are like "bread upon the waters;" others will gather the crumbs that have been sown broadcast by their generous hands.

And there is Earnest; I have read over and over her beautiful words regarding our future home, its beauties, its attractions; and the enjoyment of those things that we so dearly love here in this world may still be ours in the "sweet by and by;" for I, too, have long loved to think of Heaven as a place where we may enjoy the beauties of this life with a more intense delight than we could possibly do here in this vale of sunshine and shadow. I have often thought what a monotonous life it would be if, as many people think, all those who go to Heaven shall



wear wings and do nothing else but sing. I have a darling husband, who is a noble man and a fine scholar, and yet he has no natural talent for singing. After much perseverance, he has learned to sing "Greenville" and "Rock of Ages," so that I do not always have to sing alone. But what would Heaven be to him if he were allowed to do nothing else but sing? I fear that he would soon regret that he had ever learned dear old Greenville. No, with Earnest I love to think that there will be something in Heaven for us all to do—something that we can do, something that we shall be the better prepared to do because of our work here below.

But how quickly time passes. I did so want to speak of "Lichen," and her sweet lessons of patience and endurance; how they all come trooping up during my thoughtful moments.

I suppose you all wonder who the stranger is who has thus intruded upon your home chats. Well, I am a wife, in the bright morning of life, with a noble husband and a beautiful boy of five years, and I am trying so hard to make home beautiful and life happy for these loved ones, and also to do something aside from my own home nest. How many times have your words helped me in performing the duties so dear to me; and one day, I believe, these same words will serve to brighten the crown awaiting you in the glorious hereafter. SUNSET.

### FROM MY CORNER.

No. 40.

"Walking here in twilight, O my friends!

I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

"If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,  
By every friendly sign or salutation.

"Therefore, I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought, and uninvited!"

PICKING up a copy of Longfellow the other day, I opened to the poem quoted from, which I had not read for so long. I had forgotten it entirely. It made no impression on me in those early days, and now came to me, just at this time, as something fresh and new, an exact expression of my feelings; for I had been hearing words that made my heart glow with pleasure and gratification. I was spending a few days with friends, at whose home I am always treated so cordially, and petted like one of the daughters of the household. There I met a dear old lady friend, who has lately returned from a long visit in the lower part of the State. Far down on our beautiful river, in a rich, fertile district, she lived years ago in the midst of affluence, and in her hospitable country home entertained many a guest. Now, with all her near kindred gone, and her circumstances greatly changed, with no home of her very own, and living with a friend who is situated much as herself, she is yet so bright and cheery, so warm-hearted and loving, that every one likes to be in her society. She told me several incidents of her visit. One was, that, while staying with some relatives, a young girl who was a member of the family was one day reading the HOME MAGAZINE in her presence, and exclaimed that she wished she knew

who "Lichen" was, for she had an idea that she lived in this State. Whereupon the old lady told her she thought she could enlighten her, for she knew her personally, and then gave some bits of information concerning her, which proved that she was no fictitious person. They were heard with pleasure, and the young lady made some comments which warmed my heart, and made me feel as if I had one more friend to add to my number.

And a few days after, I found another, whose written words hold especial worth to me, as she is a woman much older than I, an author, and a student of nature and science, and was interested in my petrifed ferns. She, too, is an invalid, and I shall never forget her words.

Both friends have done me good, for sometimes of late I feel afraid, after my chat is over, that there is very little in it of interest to others, and that my words will no longer do the good which some have had the kindness to say they did. So these things encouraged me. I do not think it wrong to commend people for what they do that is good, or tell them pleasant remarks that others make about them, unless they are already vain or egotistical. It ought not to make any one vain, and it often strengthens a timid heart, or gives a proper amount of self-reliance or confidence to those who depreciate themselves; or perhaps encourages some one who is faulty to persevere on an upward track which they are trying to walk. Like persons whom Talmage speaks of in his lecture "On the Bright Side of Things," we can do a real good sometimes by repeating to a friend a pleasant or commendatory remark we have heard made about them, where an unpleasant or critical one would depress them, and even unfit some natures for the duties of the day.

Just here I laid my pencil down three weeks ago, and whatever I was going to say next—and I have a vague remembrance of something I had in my mind—was effectually banished by what followed. During all that time I have been ill—too ill at first to think of much but the terrible pain and the remedies which must be taken for relief. Sometimes, when soothed by sedatives, pleasant fancies would float through my brain, which seemed to weave themselves into connected articles or stories, which I thought I could write out easily as soon as I was able, but soon found there had been more dreaming thoughts than waking ones, and they mere allusions that faded away. Then, when pain had spent itself, and days of slow convalescence came, when too weak and exhausted for any effort, I lay watching the shadows creep along the wall, looking at the pictures opposite me, and watching a great black spider who had hidden his cell above the window-curtains, as he sallied forth each morning for a long promenade around one corner of the walls in search of his matutinal meal.

Have you not all passed through just such days, when you were too weak to think or care about anything, and felt like the best and pleasantest thing one could do was to sleep?

Sometimes friends sent lovely flowers to brighten my room; and soon came stronger days, when they came themselves, with cheery words, to sit and talk with me. Again, over sixty miles of dusty, noisy railway, traveled a grand bouquet, composed of all the flowers of the season, each one bearing its message, giving hours of pleasure, either to lie watching it, or to study over the different variety of flowers with some friend, find out the name of each, and pick out cuttings from which to grow new plants.

Now the bouquet is faded and gone, and I can sit

by the window a little while in the morning sunshine, watch the vine-rose swaying gracefully about, listen to my blue-birds and the mocking-bird in the elm across the street, and try to write a little. But my hand is almost too weak yet for the effort, or else

my brain is too weak to think of anything worth writing. I think it must be the latter, so I can only make my apology for the ending of this, and try to grow stronger, that I may do better next month.

LICHEN.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### MISS DODD'S RECIPES.

**DURING** Miss Dodd's lectures on cooking in Philadelphia, she made various dishes in the presence of her audiences, showing every step of the process, from the selection and proportioning of the raw material to their various combinations and preparation for the open fire, boiler or oven; and finally producing them ready for the table. We give a few of her receipts.

**MACCARONI AND CHEESE.**—Ingredients necessary: quarter pound of macaroni, three ounces of dry cheese, half pint of milk, and a small quantity of pepper and salt. Boil the macaroni fifteen minutes in water; then replace the water with milk, and boil for half hour longer. Spread a layer of macaroni on a flat dish; add a layer of dry cheese; sprinkle slightly with pepper and salt. Continue alternate layers of macaroni and cheese until the required amount is obtained. Then place in the oven and brown for from eight and a half to ten minutes.

**TO BOIL POTATOES.**—The only method to boil potatoes properly, says Miss Dodd, is to boil them until half-done, then pour off all the water, cover the pot closely and permit them to steam until quite done. Just before removing them from the stove take off the lid of the pot that the steam may escape, and the potatoes will be found to be very dry and very mealy. Young potatoes should be boiled in boiling water; old potatoes in cold and boiled.

**AMBER PUDDING.**—In preparing this there were used two pounds of raw apples, three ounces of sugar, a gill of cold water, several drops of lemon-juice, four eggs, six ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, one-half teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. The sugar and one-half gill of water are placed over the fire and allowed to come to a boil. At this point add the apples, which should be cut into lumps, and the lemon-juice, and cook until the apples are quite soft. Weigh out six ounces of flour in a basin, and mix in well two ounces of butter; then add the baking-powder, a pinch of salt and one-half gill of water, and work the whole into a firm dough, and roll out to the thickness of one-third of an inch. Then dampen the sides of a pie-dish with cold water and line it with narrow strips of the dough. After trimming the edge nicely, brush them lightly with cold water, and garnish the outer edge with small circular pieces of the pastry laid close together. The apples, when soft, are removed and strained through a sieve into a clean dish. The yolks of four eggs are then mixed in, and in this condition it is placed into the pie-plate that has been prepared. In order to cook the newly introduced eggs and the dough the dish is put in the oven for ten minutes. The whites of the four eggs, to which salt has been added, are beaten stiff, and when the pudding is done this is piled high up in the centre, and is then well sprinkled with sugar. After smoothing the white of the egg into a cone shape, it can be neatly garnished

with pieces of Angelica or dried berries. It is again placed in the oven to brown for two minutes, and is then ready for the table. Miss Dodd stated that it was never necessary to beat the yolks of the eggs. The whites always beat quicker and stiffer separate. She used the sharp edge of a table-knife, and said the beating could be done quicker in a cool air.

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—In making Charlotte Russe she required a quarter pound of lady-finger cake (sponge finger biscuits), one pint cream, half ounce gelatine, the whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, one ounce of sugar, a few dried cherries—preserved cherries with stones cut—and a half a gill of cold water. The gelatine was put in cold water to soak. The lady-fingers, in the meantime, were cut lengthwise, so they would fit closely together, and were then placed side by side within a small pan. The gelatine was then carefully melted over the fire so as to not get too hot. A pint of cream was whipped, to which was added one ounce of granulated sugar. Take the whites of two eggs and whip them until they are very stiff, adding a little dry salt. When the whites are whipped to a very stiff froth add to the cream the vanilla and the gelatine. Pour gently into this, stirring all the time, the melted gelatine, and then mix in very lightly the whites of the eggs. When well mixed, stand one side until it begins to set, then pour into the mould in which the cake has been arranged, and allow it to stand until well set. A few dried cherries were first dropped into the bottom of the pan for flavor.

**WELCOME GUEST PUDDING.**—In the preparation of this dessert she required four ounces of bread-crumbs, one gill of boiling milk, two ounces suet, two ounces sugar, one and half ounces citron, one and half ounces sweet almonds, two eggs and a few preserved cherries. First put on to boil one gill of milk; put two ounces of the bread-crumbs in a basin; pour over them the boiling milk; allow this to soak for a minute or two; chop finely the suet, beef suet is always used except in the sickroom; here mutton suet is used because it is more easily digested; chop finely the almonds which are first blanched; cut the citron in very thin pieces, having removed the hard sugar from the surface. The bread-crumbs and milk having soaked, two ounces more of crumbs are poured into it, together with the suet, citron and almonds. In a basin put the yolks of two eggs and two ounces of sugar, the sugar is mixed with the yolks to make the latter lighter. To the whites of the eggs add a pinch of salt and beat to a stiff froth; mix the froth with the yolks and sugar; all the ingredients are mixed together; grease a mould; garnish with a few preserved cherries. Put the mixture in the mould carefully, so as not to disturb the cherries, and steam the pudding for an hour and a half. Leave it in the mould a second before turning it out.

**POTATO CROQUETS.**—In preparing this tasty side-dish Miss Dodd required one pound of mashed pota-

toes, one egg, one tablespoonful of milk, a little pepper and salt, and a cup or two of bread crumbs or cracker-dust. The best utensil for mashing potatoes is a fork, but a good method is to grate them through a sieve. When the potatoes are mashed the salt and pepper are added. The milk and the yolk of one egg are then mixed in, and the whole stirred over the fire until the egg is dry; this requires about one minute. The kneading-board is well floured, and, while warm, the mass is separated into small balls or rolled into any shape desired. The white of the egg is then beaten slightly, and each ball covered with a light coating. The bread-crumbs or cracker-dust is then placed in a piece of paper and the balls separately placed upon it, and by rolling them from side to side are completely covered. This, she said, was the best method of coating fish. To cook anything in fat, such as oysters, croquets or fish, the grease should be heated to three hundred and seventy-

five degrees. This heat could easily be determined, for at that degree the fat began to smoke. At this heat they would be done in about one minute. In order to keep it from burning when not in use, a raw potato or a large crust of bread should be placed in the fat, to be removed again when ready for use. Fat can be used over and over again. When its properties are exhausted it can be readily renewed by adding fresh material. This rule applied to lard as well as drippings. When anything is cooked in fat or lard, it should be removed from the pot and placed at once on a piece of brown paper. This would absorb the remaining grease. The croquets were placed in a pot of smoking drips, and in a few moments were removed, and were found to be beautifully browned. Incidentally, she stated it was never well to boil meats quickly. By permitting them to simmer over the fire the juices were brought out better, and the flavor was therefore much richer.

## Literary and Personal.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is now sixty years old, and lives in London almost a prisoner to her room. She wrote lately in a letter to a friend: "Overworked as I am, my health is necessarily bad. Thank God, who still gives me work to do."

MISS HARRIET HOSMER, the artist and inventor, is preparing to make a year's visit to her native land.

MR. MOODY was recently in Boston, and at a reunion of Christians he said if he understood this Christian life it was a battle. He had been in the fight twenty-four years. He started with the idea that after he was converted all he had to do was to fold his arms and "float right along into Heaven." But he soon found that the Old Man was not dead in him, that the flesh still lived, and that the world and the devil were yet alive. From his experience and from careful reading of the Bible he had learned that when a person is converted he has only enlisted; the weary marches, the hard fights, the wilderness, the deserts and the mountains are all before him.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, writing from Troy (Asia Minor) to a friend in Indianapolis, says: "I think that there is no lady in the world who could have made me so happy as Mrs. Sophia Schliemann, whom I married ten years ago from pure affection, and because, though she then only knew her native tongue, the modern Greek, she showed a great enthusiasm for Homer and archaeology. Since that time she has

perfectly mastered nearly all the European languages learned nearly all the Homeric poems by heart and constantly assists me with fervent zeal in all my undertakings; nay, the French edition of my *Mycenae* is dedicated to her, and she fully deserves it. You say my work has not been profitable to me; but if, as you say, you read my *Mycenae*, you ought to know that I work from pure love for science, and that I gave away to the Greek people the immense treasures found by me and my wife at Mycenae. \* \* \* Believe me we have nearly all our money in America, and if we buy a home in Indianapolis it is with the intention to remove thither sooner or later. We spend the value of palaces in our scientific explorations, but are content and happy in a modest little cottage."

MR. GILBERT, author of "The Bab Ballads" and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer, are said to be working together on an opera for America. The subject is reported to relate to military matters, which will be treated in the same airy, comic, sarcastic and amusing spirit as naval affairs in "H. M. S. Pinafore."

A LONDON paper says: "Patti and Nilsson were recently stopping at the same hotel in Paris, unknown to each other. Subsequently they met in the corridor, and abruptly facing about, rushed to their respective and adjacent rooms and simultaneously vented their anger upon their unoffending pianos. Some splendid fugue improvisations followed to the delight of listening guests."

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

ONE of the latest novelties in summer dressmaking is to mingle washing-goods with silk, foulard, etc. For instance, for the little ones are shown some charming little princess dresses made of white pique, with fronts of colored silk gathered horizontally from the neck to the hem, and some beige and poplin dresses have underskirts and front trimmings

of pique and percale which can easily be removed to wash.

Surplice effects given by shirred pieces down the front are greatly in favor for dress waists. Striped, plaid or polka-dotted silk or satin is used for this purpose; thus, an almond-colored basque and overskirt is worn with a full-shirred front of Scotch plaid silk, and the kilt skirt is also of the gay plaid. Sometimes a broad belt passes over at the waist, and

the part below the belt hangs in two loops, like a great Alsatian bow, or else forms a sash.

White flannel suits are made for ladies to wear at the seaside. They have kilt skirts suspended from a narrow yoke, and the pleats are bordered near the bottom with gay bandana plaid cut in a bias band. The overskirt has a very short, scarf-like apron, with a long, draped back, and is also bordered with plaid. The basque is caught up in the back to give full panier effect, and handkerchief pieces of the plaid are arranged like a sash bow in the back and around the neck.

Cheese-cloth suits are dresses made of unbleached muslin, and trimmed with rows of woolen skirt-braid, or else bias red and yellow plaids in the handkerchief.

The newest wraps have panier attachments. These

will give the bouffant effect of this year to costumes of last season which have no paniers.

The latest styles of hats for young ladies are very graceful round hats. The first is the English turban, with a broad, square, low crown, and rolled-close brim. This is liked in the fashionable rough straws, but is also shown in chip. It is trimmed with a gay scarf, a number of birds' wings and a narrow band of velvet along the brim. The other hat has a straight, wide brim, and half-high, square crown trimmed with nodding clusters of ostrich feathers. The wide brim of this hat may be turned up all around and faced with velvet.

Lace mitts are largely imported in colors to match the suit, or embroidered in contrasting colors. To the regular assortment of mitts, and mitts with half fingers, are added the old-fashioned lace gloves.

## New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

**Resurgit: A Collection of Hymns and Songs of the Resurrection.** Edited, with Notes, by Frank Foxcroft. With an Introduction by Andrew P. Peabody, D.D. In the early Church, the Resurrection of our Lord was the one great fact on which Christian faith and hope rested. "If Christ be not risen, our preaching is vain and your faith is vain," was Paul's emphatic declaration to the Corinthians. The first day of the week, or that on which He arose, was kept as the Lord's day, sacred, to worship in place of the old Jewish Sabbath; and at an early period the annual commemoration of this event became one of the festivals of the Church. No sacred theme has been more fruitful of inspiration to the poet than that of the resurrection. In the volume before us, we have a collection of nearly two hundred hymns for Easter, selected with care and judgment, and classified under the divisions of Greek, Latin, German, English and American.

"A volume of Easter hymns," says Mr. Peabody, in an introduction, "might, at first thought, promise but little variety. The truth is far otherwise. As from a few lines and tints an endless number of patterns all differing from one another may be drawn, so may innumerable combinations and groupings be made from a few simple incidents, with the associations inseparable from them, and the thought that naturally flows from them. It is thus that no two hymns on the same subject are alike, and no hymn that unites devotional and poetic merit can ever be dispensed with because of its resemblance to another. \* \* \* Nor has there been any subject which has called forth so wide a diversity of inspiration. We have the rich mellifluous strains of the old Greek hymns; the terse, sonorous, majestic melodies of the Latin Church; the calm, meditative fervor of the German muse; and, in our own tongue, the quaintness of our early poets, and in later times every mood of lyric rhyme."

The volume is beautifully printed, and cannot fail to receive a warm welcome from those for whom it has been compiled with a care, taste and discrimination worthy of the highest praise.

**The Reading Club and Handy Speaker.** No. 6. Edited by George M. Baker. The adjective "handy" in this connection is well-chosen, for the volume before us is exceedingly convenient, both in size and contents. The selections, especially in the

humorous vein, are remarkably good, and we feel like recommending highly this little book to members of literary societies and to students of elocution.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS., PHILADA.

**Mrs. Hale's New Cook-Book.** The reputation of the author, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, well-known as having been for nearly half a century the editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, ought to be a sufficient testimony regarding the excellence of this work. On one point, however, we feel it our duty to raise our voice in protest. Regarding beverages, in her chapter on that subject, evidently seeking to engraft upon the present some of the customs of the past as they were in her own younger days, Mrs. Hale says that the use of wines is not only sanctioned, but *encouraged*, in the Holy Scriptures. To this we would answer, that the best authorities on this question are agreed that in Bible times there were *two* kinds of wine in common use—the fermented and the unfermented; hence the two kinds of images found throughout the Word, one speaking of wine as a destroyer, the other a comforter. Mrs. Hale, too, speaks of home-made, fermented wines, in which not a drop of distilled spirit is admitted, thus virtually ignoring the chemical fact and by her strong, wide-spread personal influence leading others to overlook it, that it is not necessary to put alcohol into domestic wines to render them spirituous, for *wherever there is fermentation, no matter how small the degree, there alcohol is formed*. Aside from this dangerous exception, we commend the book to our readers.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

**High-water Mark.** By Ferris Jerome. Sensibility to the beautiful, poetic feeling, elevated philosophy and broad charity, are displayed by the writer. Though the scenes are homely and commonplace, the reader feels himself moving and breathing in a sphere of cultivation and refinement. Taken as a whole, *High-water Mark* is far above the common run of novels.

**For Honor's Sake.** By Mrs. B. Sim Cunningham. A simple story, not striking in its originality, but tenderly and judiciously told, of a young, inexperienced girl whose instincts were for the right, even if she knew not always what that right was, and whose great life-mistake, entered into under a wrong



sense of duty, works difficulty, suffering and tragedy to those dearest to her.

**Manual and Directory of Charities**, published by the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicancy. A most convenient work, intended to aid those who desire to be of real service to the poor. It contains many wise suggestions on visiting, law, hygiene and domestic economy, with classified lists of every organization in our city designed to promote the temporal, mental and moral welfare of those in need.

**Rhona**. By Mrs. Forrester. A rather pleasant story, with an average plot and amount of interest, relating to the doings, wise or otherwise, and shortcomings, trifling or serious, of more than a dozen human beings revolving in and about fashion-

able London society. Just what the book is about; what it was intended to prove, advocate, or perform, why it begins, continues and ends exactly as it does; is not very easy to infer. But, for all this, it is a work of considerable merit.

FROM SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

**Wm. Cullen Bryant**, by Professor David J. Hill, of Lewisburg University. This is the second volume of the popular series of American Authors of which the biography of Washington Irving was the first. In bringing nearer to our understanding and sympathies one who led so true and noble a life, this volume is quite as successful as its predecessors. It is one of the good and useful books which should find its way into every home library.

## Notes and Comments.

### A Few Hints to Young Writers.

IN looking over the large number of manuscripts that come into their hands, editors often have a feeling of wonder that so many literary aspirants show so much ignorance in regard to what they are attempting to do. And this not alone in a lamentable unfamiliarity with the spelling-book and grammar, but, even in articles well thought out, a surprising lack of knowledge in regard to the ordinary rules of composition, or the neat and proper arrangement of a manuscript for the press. A badly-prepared or slovenly manuscript, encounters editorial disfavor at first sight, and may not on this very account, receive the careful examination it deserves. Editors are human, and not above the influence of external impression.

In the simple matter of punctuation, a large number of good writers, as well as poor ones, are deficient. As it is presumed that those who show these deficiencies have never studied rhetoric, we may be pardoned if we repeat some of the old and homely rules of punctuation. From their very simplicity, it would seem that any one might learn them all in less than half an hour, and be able to observe them ever afterwards.

The *period* is to be placed at the end of every sentence, except one of interrogation or exclamation, for which latter proper points are provided. Following the *period* *always*, and each of the two other marks specified *often*, comes a capital letter—unless, of course, such character indicates the end of the composition. Capital letters generally are to be sparingly used, their most common employment being in the beginning of a sentence, a line of poetry or a proper name. The *comma*, separates the minor divisions of a sentence; the *semi-colon* a higher division, often including several commas; and the *colon*, one still higher, comprising one semi colon or more—though it is always safest to avoid long sentences as much as possible, thus doing away with the necessity for intricate punctuation. The *colon*, also, serves to show the relation between the two subjects standing on the two sides of it. Perhaps the point to which most latitude can be allowed is the *dash*—judiciously used, it is a most convenient ally. It is best employed in adding to a pause for which another mark alone seems insufficient, as well as in keeping up a connection throughout the parts of an involved sentence. Still, except in certain cases, its frequent use

is weakening. As to marks of *parenthesis*, they may be thrown in occasionally when commas and dashes will not do, though they are less in vogue than formerly. In case we desire to change one or more words in a sentence, or supply an omission, we insert the new matter above the line, and write under it a caret to indicate just where we desire it to be printed.

In preparing a manuscript for the press, let the beginner cut his or her paper into half sheets, or, if more convenient, compact squares or rectangles; at any rate, prepare it so that it will not have to be turned at all. Then write plainly on one side of the paper, numbering every page. Begin the first paragraph so that the first line will stand in about an inch from the left-hand margin, the second and subsequent lines out beyond it toward the left, about half an inch from it. When the paragraph is finished, leave the remainder of the line blank, and begin the new one upon the next, directly under the capital starting the first, the body of the second, of course, being precisely beneath the body of the first. Where any one is represented as speaking, proper quotation marks should always be used.

There seems to be a common instinct with many to fasten the leaves of a manuscript together; and here, as in some other particulars, much originality is shown. Without attempting to specify, we will briefly lay down a few rules. Never sew the pages together down the back; we have seen some whipped over and over, as if the sender thought her very crumpled papers were to be bound in a form permanent as a volume of Shakespeare. It is scarce less objectionable to sew them continuously across the top. If writers knew how inconvenient such papers are to read, and how far from easy it is for the printers to tear them apart, they would never do such things. And don't catch the sheets together at the lower corners; one can hardly examine an article so secured for having the leaves fly in all directions at the top. There is no absolute necessity for fastening them together at all, as they are ultimately taken apart.

The following bit of advice will be superfluous to all but the young lady beginner. Remember that creamy-tinted paper and blue ribbons represent so much time and money wasted, if sent to a printing-office. And don't use pink paper nor violet ink. They may prove such a trial to an editor's over-taxed eyes, that he will throw your manuscript aside after reading the first page.

Another thing. Let young writers remember that an editor's duties are many and various, and that his time and endurance are severely taxed. Do not, therefore, send him your first crude efforts, and ask him to "read carefully, criticise and point out defects." This is something which he cannot undertake. He can only accept what is well-written and suited to his purpose, and let the rest go by. The work of training young writers does not come within the duties of his office.

#### A Summer Song.

WHEN, oh, when shall the bird begin  
To sing in my orange tree?  
When, oh, when shall my ship sail in  
From over the billowy sea?  
So asked my heart in the winter wild—  
Still came the answer, Wait, my child.  
  
When, oh, when shall the grape-bloom send  
Their incense to wing my hours?  
When, oh, when shall the roses lend  
Their crimson to deck my bowers?  
So asked my heart in the spring-time mild—  
Soft came the answer, Soon, my child.  
  
When, oh, when, asks my heart no more—  
The bird has sung in my tree;  
When, oh, when—all my waiting's o'er—  
The ship has come home from sea.  
The scents and glows are sweet, so sweet,  
Glad sings my spirit, Life's complete!

FANNIE.

#### Atlantic City.

THE peculiar quality of the atmosphere of Atlantic City has become so well known to health-seekers, that many of its hotels and boarding-houses are kept open all the year round for the reception of guests. Our physicians choose it as the most desirable place to send such of their patients as need the invigorating effects of sea air. Its proximity to Philadelphia, and the rapid transit and ample facilities afforded by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, give it an advantage for our citizens over every other seacoast resort. Already its hotels and cottages are filling up, and the season promises to be one of the most successful.

THE report of cases given on fourth page cover, this number, are certainly remarkable. That they are genuine, we know. An agent which can give relief in cases so aggravated and of such long standing, is indeed a blessing, and one for which suffering humanity cannot be too grateful.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S BREAD PREPARATIONS are unsurpassed for making light bread, biscuits, cakes and pastry. The cost is about one-half that of the ordinary baking-powder. If you cannot obtain it at your grocers, send a three-cent stamp to the "Rumford Chemical Works," Providence, Rhode Island, for a sample packet and cook-book, and give it a trial. "Pipsey" indorses this Bread Preparation as the best in market, and she generally knows of what she writes.

THE NATIONAL SILVER PLATING COMPANY, whose advertisement appears in this number, is reliable, and the ware it advertises will be found as represented. It has recently published a handsome illustrated catalogue of goods furnished by mail, which will be sent free on application.

## Publishers' Department.

### HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year . . . . .	\$2 25
3 copies " . . . . .	5 50
6 " " and one to club-getter	11.00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be mailed on application.

Remittances by post-office order, draft or registered letter.

Additions to clubs can be made, at the club rate, any time through the year.

#### A STRONG VOLUNTEER TESTIMONIAL.

South Amboy, N. J., May 21st, 1879.

MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEMEN: Permit me to add my testimony to that of others, as to the value of your "COMPOUND OXYGEN HOME TREATMENT."

After a most thorough and continued trial of its worth as a remedial and restorative agent, I pronounce its value to be above that of gold and silver. I freely and voluntarily commend it to all brain-workers as THE BEST thing they can use to secure a restoration of exhausted energies.

Gratefully yours,  
REV. D. D. READ.

AN invention of inestimable value as a beautifier has at length been perfected, in mask form, and is to be worn at night. While being perfectly harmless and easily applied, it secures to the wearer a blooming and faultless complexion. For descriptive treatise, containing full particulars, address The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, New York.—Com.

LATEST STYLES IN CORSETS—Corsets with full busts continue favorites with the best dressed ladies, as they give a style to the figure not otherwise obtained. These busts are now stiffened with Tampico Grass cloth, in place of bones, which makes them much more elegant and desirable.

Another new and very popular feature of many corsets is that the bones upon the sides run horizontally around the body. This makes the corset more comfortable, and entirely obviates the breaking of the bones over the hips, which is such an annoyance to many ladies.

It is a deserving tribute to American enterprise that Warner Bros. of New York, who were the first to introduce both of these features in corsets, were awarded a medal at the recent Paris Exposition. These corsets created great interest among French manufacturers, and no doubt explained to them why it is that America has almost ceased to buy foreign corsets.

IN these days of conflict between capital and labor, it is refreshing to find such an exhibition of good fellowship between employers and employed as was shown at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company. Twenty-eight men, who had been in the employ of the firm for twenty years or more, dined with the latter, and by resolutions and speeches bore cordial testimony to the estimation in which they held the heads of the concern. Not a pay-day has passed but every one has received the full amount due him, and everything possible has been done on both sides to promote good feeling. The result is great prosperity.—*Boston Advertiser.*

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

For interest, excellence and typographical beauty, and for all that goes to make up a magazine for the homes of the people, the publishers claim for the HOME MAGAZINE a leading position among periodicals of its class. Their steady aim has been not only to improve it year by year, but to bring it as near as possible to the common life and heart of its readers. It does not reflect fashionable society; is not an organ of the *elite*; and has no sympathy with literary dilettanteism. While ignoring the frivolous, the aimless and the vicious, and everything that can depress public morals, or make light of virtue, it seeks to give its readers, month after month, a literary entertainment that is rich, and varied, and full of instruction, delight and refreshment. It is as pure in its illustrations as in its literary matter; nothing will be found in its pages that can offend delicacy, or deprave the imagination.

As such, we offer it to the people, and ask for it a place in our American homes.

## TERMS FOR 1879.

1 copy, one year,	\$2 25
3 copies, "	5 50
6 copies and one to getter-up of club,	11 00

For premiums to club-getters, see our special circular, which will be sent to all who wish to make up clubs. Remit by Post-office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

**T. S. ARTHUR & SON,**

227 S. Sixth St., Philada., Pa.

**\$500 PRIZE BUTTER** Makers that took the ten **FIRST** prizes (and in all), at the great Dairy Fair, **USE OUR PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR**. It was awarded International Diploma for "Superior Purity, Strength, and Fast Color, and Permanence." Ask your dealer or merchant for it; or to know what it is, what it costs, where to get it, write to **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.** 8-5.

**ANY LADY** or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free by mail. Only about two hundred left.  
**M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich St., New York.**



### FINE WATCHES LOWER.

New Price List of American Waltham Watches, with description and prices of over 100 fine Gold or Silver Watches sent to any address for 3c. stamp. It describes how I send Watches to all parts of the country to be fully examined before paying any money. Undoubted Reference given, perhaps in your own town. **N. H. WHITE, Jeweler, Newark, N.J.**

### PATENT WORM HOOK.

Sells at sight. Worth 100 common Hooks. Two samples with agent's descriptive price list for 10 cts. Assorted sizes, 25 cts. Made only by **J. E. Goodwin, 322 Grand St., New Haven, Conn.**

**60** Cards—20 Chromo, 19 Motto, 30 Ocean Shells, Snowflake. Name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

**TEACHERS WANTED** \$50 to \$100 per month during the Spring and Summer. For full particulars, address, **J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philada., Pa.**

Free! **A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.** Free!

Any person sending 25 cts. to cover expense of packing and mailing, will receive by return mail an elegant box of perfumed French *PAPETERIE*, 24 envelopes and sheets of paper, and a 32-page Autograph Album, illustrated with ferns, flowers, etc. We depend on future orders for our profit. **MACK & CO., Springfield, Mass.**

"An exquisitely tender and pathetic story."

## HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE.

"An exceedingly pretty Novelette, pure in tone, sweet in sentiment, and thoroughly fascinating in the tender pathos with which the story is told. Its style is uncommonly graceful and attractive, and though the book is written for the purpose of pointing a moral, it is delightfully free from that ostentatious comment which, as a rule, makes such books wearisome. Taken altogether, it is as CHARMING A DOMESTIC NOVEL as has lately fallen under our notice, and can hardly fail of meeting with general appreciation."—*Boston Gazette*.

"This is a very dainty story, and daintily told, with some fine touches of pathos and certain phrases of human nature. It is well worth reading."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph*.

"This is a touching story, which will elicit sympathy and pity. It is an illustration of the often-repeated events every day occurring from ill-mated marriages."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"A very pretty, pathetic story, which young married people will find well worth perusal."—*Boston Evening Traveler*.

"This sweet little novel is such a credit to its author, that we regret that her name is not on the title-page. We say 'her,' for it must have been written by a lady, as the gentle sentiment and lovely pathos of the volume are essentially those of a female mind. The book is very interesting, and of a nature to inspire the finer feelings of a pure nature with exquisite tenderness."—*The (Phila.) Record*.

"We suspect that the history of this married couple, in some of its features, if not in its more tragical results, is the history of not a few husbands and wives, and that husbands especially can learn a useful lesson from the book."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

16mo. 176 pages. Price 25 cts.

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# COMPOUND OXYGEN.

A New Treatment for the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Vitalization.

## REPORT OF CASES.

### CASE No. 1.

A lady in New Hampshire wrote to us under date of February 5th, 1879, as follows:

"My youngest daughter is a victim of ill health, having had catarrh for several years badly; so much so as to make her wretched; besides affecting her hearing; also she has canker in her stomach; and above all this, her nerves are in a bad state, so that she can only sleep, and hardly live without taking opiates. \* \* \* She has had a great deal done for her trouble, our doctor giving her over two hundred Bland's Pills, made of iron, as I suppose you will know. She suffers a great deal with neuralgia besides this. You will see that she is all out of sorts; and being one who seldom goes out to get fresh air, excepting to church, I thought perhaps your Oxygen would be good for her also."

A "Home Treatment" was ordered and sent. Almost from the first inhalation, an improvement began. In a little over two weeks, she wrote:

"My daughter seems a great deal better in spirits. Is stronger. Her countenance is brighter; and she experiences a light, active feeling which she has been deprived of ever since she began to run down."

From this time on the improvement was steady and rapid, though chloral, which had been resorted to for a long time, was still used to procure sleep, but in smaller and smaller doses. The continued use of Compound Oxygen soon gave her healthy and refreshing sleep, and all anodynes were abandoned. The following extract from a letter written by the patient herself, March 30th, 1879, gives the gratifying result of two months' treatment:

"I am happy to say that I am most remarkably gaining, and the result for which we sought your Treatment has at last been accomplished—it has performed a cure which no other agent could have done for me. I am convinced, for medicines proved worthless, having tried them for over two years in vain, and do not see how I could possibly have held out much longer, for I felt so miserably that I was willing to die and rid myself of my ill-feelings. \* \* \* From the first inhalation I began to feel brighter, and never in one instance have I felt any discomfort arising from it, but always better. \* \* \* I am powerless when I wish to express to you my gratitude for the good it has done me, and I shall ever stand ready and happy to testify abundantly to the wonderful efficacy of your Treatment to any one who may address me personally."

"I shall ever remember your kindness to me during the treatment; ever remember the patience you manifested, and ever remember the comfort your letters of good cheer gave me each time; and never forget the debt of gratitude I owe you in thus giving me back through Divine Providence the good health I once enjoyed. And with the simple, but earnest I thank you! and may the Lord ever bless you, I will close and subscribe myself, etc."

### CASE No. 2.

On the 2d of March last a lady wrote for the "Home Treatment." In stating her case, she said:

"I have a great deal of trouble with a catarrhal affection, about my head and stomach. The amount of mucus which I throw from my stomach in the morning is very great, and the nausea is almost unbearable. If I take any breakfast, it is liable to come up again. My sleep at present is good owing to the use of nervines and narcotics; but my want of life and vigor is terrible. I cannot live in this way; I am getting so desperate. \* \* \* If your treatment does not help me, I shall give up."

The Treatment was sent immediately. The result is thus given in a letter from the patient dated April 15th, 1879:

"It is with pleasure I can write you that my health is very much improved in every respect. I already begin to feel the vigor and strength returning to my system of which I wrote you I so much felt the loss. I had taken

tonics for a year and I could not perceive the slightest benefit, except just for the time being; and especially in quinine, for it made me so nervous that I was ready to fly. I could not perceive that the chills from which I had suffered were less frequent for the use of it. Now I have no chills. The drearying perspirations are very rare. The nausea I have not felt for nearly four weeks. Since using your remedy my sleep is natural and good. My spirits are in a much more healthy condition. I have no need of anodynes—have more actual strength than for years past. My catarrh is very much improved also."

"The week after the Oxygen came my niece was taken with a severe cold and entire loss of voice. She used the usual remedies, which was followed by loss of appetite. I proposed that she try the Oxygen, which she did; and in three days her voice was quite strong, and her appetite good. In a week she could use her voice. Usually, in colds like this she has been troubled for several weeks—not able to use her voice in singing for some time. She was under treatment for her throat nearly all of last year. It seemed to be badly congested, and her entire system out of order. You may believe we were just delighted to find the Treatment did the cure so beautifully."

### CASE No. 3.

This is a case of epilepsy. The result of the Compound Oxygen Treatment is thus given by the patient, in a letter dated March 4th, 1879:

"I commenced taking the Compound Oxygen last April (1878) for epilepsy, and have taken four months' treatment. It has helped me more than all the medicines which I've taken for the last five years. Have only had spasms one time since I commenced taking the Oxygen, and only slight symptoms of spasms a few times. I think I am entirely cured of the spasms, and I have not taken the Oxygen regularly for several months, and my health is better in every way than for several years before. I am glad to give my testimony in favor of the Compound Oxygen Treatment."

In another letter, dated March 29th, 1879, this patient says:

"I am thirty-one. Had been troubled with epilepsy for eight years till I commenced taking 'Compound Oxygen'; but I trust I am entirely cured of it now."

### CASE No. 4.

In this case there was throat trouble, weakness of the lungs, indigestion, torpidity of the liver and neuralgia. The patient, writing April 22d, 1879, gives a report as follows of the action of Compound Oxygen:

"Last spring (March, 1878), when I began the Home Treatment, according to your directions, I was in a very debilitated state of health, having suffered all winter from throat trouble, attended with much weakness of the lungs, and was unable to digest my food on account of chronic inflammation of the stomach and torpidity of the liver. The Treatment had an almost magical effect from the first. My improvement in strength, appetite and ability to digest my food, was indeed wonderful; my sleep soon became quiet and refreshing; I gained rapidly in flesh, and looked better in every way. My relatives were delighted, and sent your Brochure to a number of our friends who were sufferers from ill-health."

"In the summer, however, which was an unusually hot summer, you remember, I lost much that I had gained. In the fall, finding that I had near a half bottle of the second two-months' Treatment of Compound Oxygen still on hand, I again began its use, and under its strengthening effects I was enabled to nurse my father through his long illness—near two months—losing half of each night during the time. Now, is not this last statement proof enough of the happy effects of your Compound Oxygen Treatment, even if I could say nothing else in its favor? But I expect to be able to say a good deal more, for I intend to put it to a still further test."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

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